





dead  
 prez

lets get free

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Wolves"

*[Wolf Howls]*

I'm not a hunter but i am told,  
that, uh, in places like in the arctic,  
where indiginous people sometimes might, might, hunt a wolf,  
they'll take a double edged blade,  
and they'll put blood on the blade,  
and they'll melt the ice and stick the handle in the ice,  
so that only the blade is protruding,  
and that a wolf will smell the blood and wants to eat,  
and it will come and lick the blade trying to eat,  
and what happens is when the wolf licks the blade,  
of course, he cuts his tongue, and he bleeds,  
and he thinks he's really having a good thing,  
and he drinks and he licks and he licks,  
and of course he is drinking his own blood and he kills himself,  
thats what the Imperialists did with us with crack cocaine,  
you have these young brothers out there who think they are getting something  
they gonna make a living with,  
they is getting something they can buy a car,  
like the white people have cars, why can't i have a car?  
they getting something they can get a piece of gold,  
white people have gold, why can't i have gold?  
they getting something to get a house,  
white people have a house, why can't i have a house?  
and they actually think that theres something thats bringing resources to them,  
but they're killing themsleves just like the wolf was licking the blade,  
and they're slowly dying without knowing it.  
thats whats happening to the community, you with me on that?  
thats exactly, precisely what happens to the community,  
and instead of blaming the hunter who put the damn handle and blade in the ice  
for the wolf,  
that what happens is the wolf gets the blame, gets the blame for trying to live,  
thats what happens in our community,  
you don't blame the person, the victim,  
you blame the oppressor, Imperialism, white power is the enemy,  
was the enemy when it first came to Africa,  
and snatched up the first African brothers here against our will,  
isss the enemy today,  
and thats the thing that we have to understand.

*[Clapping]*

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "I'm A African"

Yo turn this motherfucking shit up!

Ha ha ha

Uhuru, coupe tete boule kay

Rwanda, Nigeria, Africa's in the house

My nigga D.R.

### [Verse 1]

Nigga the red is for the blood in my arm

The black is for the gun in my palm

And the green is for the tram that grows natural

Like locks on Africans

Holdin the smoke from the herb in my abdomen

Camouflage fatigues, and daishikis

Somewhere in between N.W.A. and P.E.

I'm black like Steve Biko

Raised in the ghetto by the people

Fuck the police you know how we do

### [Verse 2]

Ayo my life is like Roots it's a true story

It's too gory for them televised fables on cable

I'm a runaway slave watching the north star

Shackles on my forearm, runnin with the gun on my palm

I'm an African, never was an African-American

Blacker than black I take it back to my origin

Same skin hated by the klansmen

Big nose and lips, big hips and butts, dancin, what

### [HOOK:]

I'm a African

I'm a African, uhh

And I know what's happenin

I'm a African

I'm a African, uhh

And I know what's happenin

You a African?

You a African?, louder

Do you know what's happenin?

I'm a African

I'm a African, uhh

And I know what's happenin

It's plain to see, you cant change me  
cuz I'm a people army for life

Where you from fool?

*[Verse 3]*

No I wasn't born in Ghana, but Africa is my momma  
And I did not end up here from bad karma  
Or from B-Ball, selling mad crack or rappin  
Peter Tosh try to tell us what happened  
He was sayin if you black then you African  
So they had to kill him, and make him a villain  
Cuz he was teachin the children  
I feel him, he was tryin to drop us a real gem  
That's why we bucking holes in the ceilin when we hearin

*[HOOK]*

A-F-R-I-C-A, Puerto Rico, Haiti, and J.A.  
New York and Cali, F-L-A  
No it ain't 'bout where you stay, it's bout the motherland  
*[x2]*

*[Verse 4]*

It's like tank top, flip flop  
Knotty dread lock, fuck a cop, hip hop  
Make your head bop  
Bounce to this, socialist movement  
My environment made me the nigga I am  
Uncle Sam came and got me and arrested my fam  
Try to infiltrate and murder off the best of my clan  
I'm not American, punk, Democrat, or Republican  
Remember that, most of the cats we know, be hustlin  
My momma work, all her life and still strugglin  
I blame it on the government and say it on the radio  
(What) and if you don't already know  
All these Uncle Tom ass kissin niggas got to go

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "They Schools"

Why haven't you learned anything?

Man that school shit is a joke  
The same people who control the school system control  
The prison system, and the whole social system  
Ever since slavery, nawsayin?

### [Verse 1]

I went to school with some redneck crackers  
Right around the time 3rd Bass dropped the cactus album  
But I was readin Malcolm  
I changed my name in '89 cleaning parts of my brain  
Like a baby nine  
I took a history class serious  
Front row, every day of the week, 3rd period  
Fuckin with the teachers had, callin em racist  
I tried to show them crackers some light, they couldn't face it  
I got my diploma from a school called Rickers  
Full of, teenage mothers, and drug dealin niggas  
In the hallways, the popo was always present  
Searchin through niggas possessions  
Lookin for, dope and weapons, get your lessons  
That's why my moms kept stressin  
I tried to pay attention but they classes wasn't interestin  
They seemed to only glorify the Europeans  
Claimin Africans were only three-fifths a human being

### [HOOK:]

They schools can't teach us shit  
My people need freedom, we tryin to get all we can get  
All my high school teachers can suck my dick  
Tellin me white man lies straight bullshit [echoes]  
They schools ain't teachin us, what we need to know to survive  
(Say what, say what)  
They schools don't educate, all they teach the people is lies

You see dog, you see how quick these motherfuckers be to like  
Be tellin niggas get a diploma so you can get a job  
Knowwhatimsayin but they don't never tell you how the job  
Gonna exploit you every time knowwhatimsayin that's why I be like  
Fuck they schools!

### [Verse 2]

School is like a 12 step brainwash camp  
They make you think if you drop out you ain't got a chance  
To advance in life, they try to make you pull your pants up  
Students fight the teachers and get took away in handcuffs

And if that wasn't enough, then they expel y'all  
Your peoples understand it but to them, you a failure  
Observation and participation, my favorite teachers  
When they beat us in the head with them books, it don't reach us  
Whether you breakdance or rock suede addidas  
Or be in the bathroom with your clique, smokin reefer  
Then you know they math class aint important 'less you addin up cash  
In multiples, unemployment aint rewardin  
They may as well teach us extortion  
You either get paid or locked up, the pricipal is like a warden  
In a four year sentence, mad niggas never finish  
But that doesn't mean I couldn't be a doctor or a dentist

*[HOOK: first part of hook twice]*

Cuz for real, a mind is a terrible thing to waste  
And all y'all high class niggas with y'all nose up  
Cuz we droppin this shit on this joint, fuck y'all  
We gon speak for ourselves  
Knowhatimsayin? Cuz see the schools aint teachin us nothin  
They aint teachin us nothin but how to be slaves and hardworkers  
For white people to build up they shit  
Make they businesses successful while it's exploitin us  
Knowhatimsayin? And they aint teachin us nothin related to  
Solvin our own problems, knowhatimsayin?  
Aint teachin us how to get crack out the ghetto  
They aint teachin us how to stop the police from murdering us  
And brutalizing us, they aint teachin us how to get our rent paid  
Knowhatimsayin? They aint teachin our families how to interact  
Better with each other, knowhatimsayin? They just teachin us  
How to build they shit up, knowhatimsayin? That's why my niggas  
Got a problem with this shit, that's why niggas be droppin out that  
Shit cuz it don't relate, you go to school the fuckin police  
Searchin you you walkin in your shit like this a military compound  
Knowhatimsayin? So school don't even relate to us  
Until we have some shit where we control the fuckin school system  
Where we reflect how we gon solve our own problems  
Them niggas aint gon relate to school, shit that just how it is  
Knowhatimsayin? And I love education, knowhatimsayin?  
But if education aint elevatin me, then you knowhatimsayin it aint  
Takin me where I need to go on some bullshit, then fuck education  
Knowhatimsayin? At least they shit, matter of fact my nigga  
this whole school system can suck my dick, BEEYOTCH!!

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Hip-Hop"

*[Intro]*

Uh, Uh, Uh, 1, 2, 1, 2  
Uh, Uh, 1, 2, 1, 2, uh, uh  
All my dogs

*[Hook]*

It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip  
It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip hop

*[Verse 1]*

Uh, one thing 'bout music, when it hit you feel no pain  
white folks says it controls your brain  
I know better than that, that's game and we ready for that  
Two soldiers head of the pack, matter of fact who got the gat?  
And where my army at?  
Rather attack and not react  
Back the beats, it don't reflect on how many records get sold  
On sex, drugs, and rock and roll, whether your project's put on hold  
In the real world, these just people with ideas  
They just like me and you when the smoke and camera disappear  
Again the real world (world), it's bigger than all these fake ass records  
When poor folks got the millions and my woman's disrespected  
If you check 1,2, my word of advice to you is just relax  
Just do what you got to do, if that don't work then kick the facts  
If you a fighter, rider, ?bout'er?, flame ignitor, crowd exciter  
Or you wanna just get high, then just say it  
But then if you a liar-liar, pants on fire, wolf-cry agent with a wire  
I'm gonna know it when I play it

*[Hook]*

*[Verse 2]*

Uh, who shot Biggie Smalls?  
If we don't get them, they gonna get us all  
I'm down for runnin' up on them crackers in they city hall  
We ride for y'all, all my dogs stay real  
Nigga don't think these record deals gonna feed your seeds  
And pay your bills because they not  
MC's get a little bit of love and think they hot  
Talkin' bout how much money they got, all y'all records sound the same  
I sick of that fake thug, R & B, rap scenario all day on the radio  
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material, y'all don't here me though  
These record labels slang our tapes like dope  
You can be next in line, and signed, and still be writing rhymes and broke  
You would rather have a Lexus, some justice, a dream or some substance?  
A Beamer, a necklace or freedom?  
Still a nigga like me don't playa' hate, I just stay awake

This real hip hop, and it don't stop until we get the po-po off the block  
They call it....

*[Hook]*

Uh, DP's got that crazy shit we keep it crunk up  
John Blaze'd and shit what

*[repeat]*

Fake, fake, fake records

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Police State"

*[Sample of Chairman Omali Yeshitela:]*

You have the emergence in human society

of this thing that's called the State

What is the State? The State is this organized bureaucracy

It is the police department. It is the Army, the Navy

It is the prison system, the courts, and what have you

This is the State -- it is a repressive organization

But the state -- and gee, well, you know,

you've got to have the police, cause..

if there were no police, look at what you'd be doing to yourselves!

You'd be killing each other if there were no police!

But the reality is..

the police become necessary in human society

only at that junction in human society

where it is split between those who have and those who ain't got

*[Dead Prez]*

I throw a Molotov cocktail at the precinct, you know how we think

Organize the hood under I Ching banners

Red, Black and Green instead of gang bandanas

F.B.I. spyin on us through the radio antennas

And them hidden cameras in the streetlight watchin society

With no respect for the people's right to privacy

I'll take a slug for the cause like Huey P.

while all you fake niggaz {UNNNNGH} try to copy Master P

I want to be free to live, able to have what I need to live

Bring the power back to the street, where the people live

We sick of workin for crumbs and fillin up the prisons

Dyin over money and relyin on religion for help

We do for self like ants in a colony

Organize the wealth into a socialist economy

A way of life based off the common need

And all my comrades is ready, we just spreadin the seed

*[Chorus: Dead Prez]*

The average Black male

Live a third of his life in a jail cell

Cause the world is controlled by the white male

And the people don't never get justice

And the women don't never get respected

And the problems don't never get solved

And the jobs don't never pay enough

So the rent always be late; can you relate?

We livin in a police state

*[Dead Prez]*

No more bondage, no more political monsters

No more secret space launchers  
Government departments started it in the projects  
Material objects, thousands up in the closets  
Could've been invested in a future for my comrades  
Battle contacts, primitive weapons out in combat  
Many never come back  
Pretty niggaz be runnin with gats  
Rather get shot in they back than fire back  
We tired of that - corporations hirin blacks  
Denyin the facts, exploitin us all over the map  
That's why I write the shit I write in my raps  
It's documented, I meant it  
Every day of the week, I live in it; breathin it  
It's more than just fuckin believin it  
I'm holdin them ones, rollin up my sleeves an' shit  
It's cee-lo for push-ups now, many headed for one conclusion  
Niggaz ain't ready for revolution

*[Chorus: Dead Prez]*

*[police siren wails]*

*[speaker unknown]*  
I am.. a revolutionary  
and you're gonna have to keep on sayin that  
You're gonna have to say that I am a proletariat  
I am the people, I'm not the pig

*[another speaker]*  
Guiliani you are full of shit!  
And anybody that's down with you!  
You could man-make things better for us  
and you cuttin the welfare  
Knowin damn well when you cut the welfare,  
a person gon' do crime..

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Behind Enemy Lines"

*[conversations in a prison facility]*

*[Verse 1]*

Yo, little Khadejah pops is locked, he wanna pop the lock  
But prison ain't nothin but a private stock  
And she be dreamin 'bout his date of release  
She hate the police  
But loved by her grandma who hugs and kisses her  
Her father's a political prisoner, free Fred  
Son of a Panther that the government shot dead  
Back in 12-4-1969  
4 o clock in the mornin, it's terrible but it's fine  
Cuz Fred Hampton jr., looks just like him  
Walks just like him, talks just like him  
And it might be frightenin, the feds and the snitches  
See him organize the gang, brothers and sisters  
So he had to be framed yo, you know how the game go  
18 years because the 5-0 said so  
They said he set a fire to a Arab store  
But he ignited the minds of the young black and poor

*[HOOK:]*

Behind enemy lines, my niggas is cellmates  
Most of the youth never escape the jail fate  
Super maximum camps will advance they game plan  
To keep us in the hands of the man locked up

(Hello?)

Collect call from Ness

(Where are you?)

Yo shit is crazy boo, I miss you

(Have you been alright?)

Yo, can you put some money in my commissary?

*[Verse 2]*

Little Kenny been smokin lucy since he was 12  
Now he 25 locked up wit a L  
They call him triple K, cuz he killed 3 niggas  
Another ghetto child got turned into a killa  
His pops was a Vietnam veteran on heroin  
Used like a pawn by these white North Americans  
Mama couldn't handle the stress so went crazy  
Grandmama had to raise the baby  
Just a young boy, born to a life of poverty  
Hustlin, robbery, whatever brung the paper home  
Carried the chrome like a blind man hold a cane  
Tattoos all over his chest so you could know his name

But y'all know how the game go  
Deez kicked in the front door and guess who they came for  
A young nigga headed for the pen, coulda been, shoulda been  
Never see the hood again

[HOOK x2]

[Spanish speak]

You aint gotta be locked up to be in prison  
Look how we livin  
30,000 niggas a day, up in the bing, standin routine  
They put us in a box just like our life on the block  
Behind enemy lines  
[Repeat]

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Assassination"

Our people are poor, and you know damn  
well nobody wants to be poor  
This play is gonna show how the pigs  
react when the people start  
To take community, control over what  
belongs to them  
And liberate it back [echoes]

Sometimes I just don't care

### [Verse 1]

Murderation, modern hanging education  
Price of your life is goin up it ain't inflation  
Incrimination, they got my picture at the station  
Elimination, state to state we eatin by this nation  
Them belly full, my trigger finger got pulled  
To cut the bull shots'll warm your flesh like wool  
These tools for survival make fools out of rivals  
Fuck the Bible, get on your knees and praise my rifle  
Your life is done there aint another place to run  
Eat your own gun, scared because my people never known fun

### [Verse 2]

Cops drive down the streets and blow my friends away  
I try to smoke enough lah to take my sins away  
This E&J be freein us in it's own special way son  
We live for the day, the only way dunn  
The violence in me, reflect the violence that surround me  
[?] Mr. Charley keep his eye on me  
To figure my head, but them ass kissin niggas is dead  
We learn the chokeholds with fishermen's thread  
I read The Art of Sun-Tzu in a couple of fuckin days  
Used to practice Kung-Fu with this nigga that's like, double my age  
And you can put this on the government's grave  
Somebody payin for the way we have to suffer and slave  
Assassination, word up

I hope they get the assassins, I hope  
that something is done to them  
Problem is they're killing them, it  
reminds me of something like what  
Happened to Lincoln

You ain't even safe wit a full clip  
I swear on the president's grave  
I'm sick of livin in this bullshit  
We down to take it to the full length

Meet us up on Capitol Hill, and we can  
get up in some real shit  
*[repeat]*

Assassination, *[gunshot]* yeah

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Mind Sex"

### [Chorus]

It's time for some mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet  
We can burn the incense, and just chat  
Relax, I got the good vibrations  
Before we make love let's have a good conversation

### [Verse 1]

Pardon me love but you seem like my type  
What you doin tonight? you should stop by the site  
We could, roll some weed play some records and talk  
I got a fly spot downtown Brooklyn, New York  
Now I know you think I wanna fuck, no doubt  
but tonight we'll try a different route, how bout we start  
With a salad, a fresh bed of lettuce with croutons  
Later we can play a game of chess on the futon  
See i ain't got to get in your blouse  
It's your eye contact, that be getting me aroused  
When you show me your mind, it make me wanna show you mines  
Reflecting my light, when it shines, just takin our time  
Before the night's through, we could get physical too  
I ain't tryin to say I don't wanna fuck, cause I do  
But for me boo, makin love is just as much mental  
I like to know what I'm gettin into

### [Chorus]

We could have mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet  
We can burn the incense, and just chat  
Relax, I got the good vibrations  
Before we make love let's have a good conversation

It's time for some mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet  
We can burn the incense, and just chat  
Relax, I got the good vibrations  
Before we make love let's have a good conversation  
Time for some mind sex...

[singing:] before we make love

Yeah, what you know about mind sex?

[singing:] before we make love

### [Verse 2]

African princess, tell me yo' interests  
Wait, let me guess boo, you probably like poetry  
Here's a little something I jotted down in case I spotted you around  
So let me take this opportunity

Would you share a moment with me, over herbal tea?  
Take a walk verbally, make a bond certainly  
Cuz in my hand I bet your hand fit perfectly  
And it's like we floatin out in space when you flirtin wit me  
C'mon, a little foreplay don't hurt (hmmm)  
Imagine my chest under this shirt, your ass under your skirt  
It's like walking the hot sands and finding an oasis  
Opposites attract that's the basis  
Our sex is the wind that seperates the yin from the yang  
The balance that means complete change, our aim  
Is to touch you in a delicate spot  
And once we get it started I ain't trying to stop

*[Chorus]*

But first we have mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet  
We can burn the incense, and just chat  
Relax, I got the good vibrations  
Before we make love let's have a good conversation

It's time for some mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet  
We can burn the incense, and just chat  
Relax, I got the good vibrations  
Before we make love let's have a good conversation  
Mind sex...

*[Spoken]*

She smiles, I smile  
She walks, no she glides softly by me changing night into day  
She opens her mouth to speak, and so sounds ring in my head  
She speaks, and i want to dance to her rhythm  
She moves ever so gently, increasing my desires,  
As i place my arms around her waist,  
Hold and squeeze unto me,  
I want to melt into her body, and discover the base of her warmth  
Her beautiful black body that, no human mind could ever conceive  
She's love  
She's truth  
She's real, as real as the stars that shine in the heavens  
As real as the sun that bathes her body,  
As real as the moon that glows and the birds that sing and the rose  
That blossoms in spring for she is that rose  
And not just any rose,  
But a black rose,  
Black rose stands tall and stronger than any other plant  
A black rose, that stands as creator, of nations of  
Black rose  
That never loses her petals, and blossoms all year round  
Black rose,  
Sweet rose,  
Thornless rose  
Eternal rose  
Please look my way,  
Please look my way

Please look my way

Black rose

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "We Want Freedom"

I was born black, I live black,  
and I'ma die probably because I'm black  
because some cracker that knows I'm black  
better than you nigga, is probably gonna put  
a bullet in the back of my head!!

Yeah our lives fucked up, no doubt  
All this shit we go through every day  
Sometimes a nigga don't know what the fuck to do  
But see I got my niggas  
And we gon organize a people army  
And we gon get control over our own lives  
And I mean that shit right there from the bottom of my shit  
I Ching

[Verse 1]  
Yeah, yeah  
Imagine havin no runnin water to drink  
Chemicals contaminate the pipes leadin to your sink  
Just think, if the grocery stores close they doors  
And they saturate the streets with tanks and start martial law  
Would you be ready for civil war  
Could you take the life of somebody you know,  
or have feelings for if necessary?  
I got cousins in the military  
But far as I'm concerned they died, when they registered

[Verse 2]  
Yo, this world is oh so cold, I think about my ancestors  
Being sold, and it make me wanna break the mold  
Fuck the gold and the party, train yourself, clean your shottie  
Tell me what you gon do to get free, we need more than MC's  
We need Hueys, and revolutionaries  
The niggas on the streets today, it's kinda scary  
The smell around my way ain't roses or strawberries  
In fact it's kinda poisonous, bringin out the boy in us  
But I'ma stand up on my own, like a man do  
Dominate the land and make wealth, like Fu-Manchu  
Yes the peoples army stick togehter like glue  
We represent the I-Ching, and to this we stand true  
Military formation, anyone participation is welcome  
Each one teach one, son help son  
Just one gun is all it take to get it started  
Livin in the wilderness of the west we cold hearted

## [HOOK x2:]

If you don't think it could happen think again my son

Be prepared for the worst that's yet to come  
We want freedom, prophecies and ancient wisdom  
Cataclsym, niggas be like fuck the system

I don't wanna be no movie star  
I don't wanna drive no fancy car  
I just wanna be free, to live my life, to live my own life

[Verse 3]  
Yeah, I'm for peace  
But I'll kill ya if ya fuck with my moms or my niece  
See we all want peace, but the problem is  
Crackers want a bigger piece  
Got it where the niggas can't get a piece  
That's why police get stabbed and shot  
Cuz a nigga can't eat if the ave is hot  
Locked up you get three hot meals and one cot  
Then you sit and rot, never even got a fair shot  
That's where a whole lotta niggas end up  
My man moms even got sent up, tryin to keep the rent up  
When I'm bent up I think alot about the reason I'm here  
I think about the things I fear in the comin years  
Ahead of me, I'm ready for whatever they bring though  
I'd go against a tank wit a shank for my dreams  
And that's my fuckin word  
One day the whole world will smoke herb  
And niggas won't get took to jail for hangin on the curb

[HOOK x2]

[next part of hook]

[HOOK]

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Be Healthy"

It's all love . . .

I don't eat no meat, no dairy, no sweets  
only ripe vegetables, fresh fruit and whole wheat  
I'm from the old school, my household smell like soul food, bro  
curried falafel, barbecued tofu  
no fish though, no candy bars, no cigarettes  
only ganja and fresh-squeezed juice from oranges  
exercising daily to stay healthy  
and I rarely drink water out the tap, cause it's filthy

Lentil soup is mental fruit  
and ginger root is good for the you't'  
Fresh veg-e-table with the ital stew  
sweet yam fries with the green calaloo  
careful how you season and prepare your foods  
cause you don't wanna lose vitamins and miner-ules  
and that's the jewel  
life brings life, it's valuable, so I eat what comes  
from the ground, it's natural  
let your food be your medicine (uh huh)  
no Excederin (uh uh)  
strictly herb, generate in the sun, cause I got melanin  
and drink water, eight glasses a day  
cause that's what they say

They say you are what you eat, so I strive to be healthy  
my goal in life is not to be rich or wealthy  
cause true wealth comes from good health, and wise ways  
we got to start taking better care of ourselves

They say you are what you eat, so I strive to be healthy  
my goal in life is not to be rich or wealthy  
cause true wealth comes from good health, and wise ways  
we got to start taking better care of ourselves, be  
healthy y'all . . .

Yeah, yeah, yeah, hold the fuck up, yo  
we'll take this little intermission, listen what the  
fuck we gotta say, y'know?  
Word is bond son, niggaz been livin fat for too long, knowamsayin?  
Smokin bogeys, fuckin drinkin all types of shit  
wailin out, not givin a fuck what they puttin in they  
bodies, son, knowamsayin?  
æ...  
æ...out time niggaz start thinkin about that shit, son, knowamsayin?  
That shit is fuckin, makin us deteriorate, son  
word up, we gotta care bout our little babies an shit, son

niggaz got kids to raise, straight up  
ya gotta start learnin yo self, learning bout ya health, son  
    learnin this world we live in, kid, knowamsayin?  
    It's time to start changin all that shit god, word up  
so I'm gonna leave y'all niggaz on some shit like that, ya knowamean?  
    Word up, y'all niggaz better start usin y'all minds an  
        shit, kid  
        Peace

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Discipline"

- Peace,

- Who dis?

- Yo, this Deedon Nigga, whats the deal Rob?

- Peace, whats the deal you knowwhatl mean?

- Yo these niggaz having this be Healthy shit today son (Yeah) you know how that shit is going down (Word) its gonna be mad trees (Damn), mad snaz (Man) ya mean you know how we gon do.

- Yeah son I can't even fuck wit it man nah mean I got mad shit to do son

- Yo son stop playing (Come on)

- Man I wish I could fuck wit you man. (Do that shit tomorrow or something)

- Yeah I wish I can go man but I got mad shit to do, this shit comes first you know? You know how it is man

- Yeah I hear you man, you know I'm gonna hold it down and represent for you man P.e.o.p.l.e

-Call me baby, one love

-Yeah Peace

Discipline makes things easier, organize your life

Discipline makes things easier, organize your life

Uh um, uh um, its gonna be alright

Uh um, uh um, its gonna be fine

Uh um, uh um, its gonna be alright

Uh um, uh um, its gonna be fine

Discipline, discipline (practice makes perfect)

Discipline, discipline (Health is wealth)

Discipline, discipline (All things in moderation, plan your work work your plan)

Discipline [*repeats until end of song fading out*]

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Psychology"

*[Intro:]*

"I was born, in a dump  
My mama died and my father got drunk  
They left me, to die or grow  
In the middle of Tobacco Road  
I grew up in a rusty shack  
All i owned was hangin on my back  
And Lord knows, how I learnt  
This place called Tobacco Road  
Tobacco Road, you're dirty and you're filthy  
Tobacco Road, gonna get me some dynamite and a crane  
I'm gonna blow it up, Lord knows gonna start all over again"

"My mind is the place where I make my plans  
The world is the place where I take my stand  
The beauty of life is mine today  
They cannot take my mind away"

*[M1]*

Fuck what you heard, I'm from Africa  
This ain't no act it's mathematical  
Past the black radical  
I choose the M1, because it's practical  
Nothin was changed, we ain't protected  
No names, it's all factual  
They push the wrong buttons, count down to detonate  
Brooklyn blown away and the world will have to speculate  
This is what we learn in the streets, fuck a degree  
Believe in none of what you hear and half of what you see

*[Stic]*

It's like watching your own father smoke crack  
I have nightmares on shit like that  
No way in hell I'll ever get like that  
I seen a lot of shit in twenty-two years  
It's like a tour of duty  
My life is booby-trapped, it's hard to see the beauty  
When your heart is turning ice cold  
Cold like your hands exposed to blistering winds  
My mother keep her eyes closed, she say she prayin  
I listen close to what she sayin  
When she speak of Jesus I ignore it  
But when it's practical I'm all for it  
You got to think like a soldier  
I'm training myself to snatch pistols out of holsters  
Discipline keep the mind focused  
This whole world is a corn field son

Look out for flying locusts

[Chorus x2]

Don't let 'em get in your head, they try to probe you  
Figure your thoughts so they can try and control you  
And through you, control your whole crew  
It's psychology boy, now what the fuck that make you wanna do?

[M1]

You can't walk the streets with no state of mind  
Blind to the ways of mankind  
And if you know the time, give me a sign  
Tell me where we draw the line  
I got your back if you got mine  
My enemy's enemy is my man  
One dreadlock is stronger than one strand while the crackers got the upper hand  
My comrades stand on lands stolen  
Every tooth a golden opportunity  
Who holdin my community hostage?  
10% ransom, costing us time we lost and some  
This is how the plan runs  
Thinkin with a fugitive brain  
What we do to live is insane  
Holdin the weed, healing my membranes  
Just like crack, you know it all boils down  
to the dollars-and-cents of it  
Niggaz commence to get [?] to sentenced to serve terms  
Jumping the fence, the black germ is loose  
When will they learn?  
Psychology

[Stic]

We piss on walls and smoke reeфа in the halls  
No respect for their laws  
I cut your face with a kitchen knife  
In gladiator times, man against machinery  
The tree bark fatigues help me blend in with the scenery boy  
Life is a series of serious choices  
Theories is formed from experience, never mysterious forces  
Various courses of life can lead to failure  
Too much of anything is a trap  
My mind snap  
Guerilla warfare for two grand  
They say karate means 'empty hands'  
So then it's perfect for the poor man...  
They say karate means 'empty hands'  
So then it's perfect for the poor man

[Chorus x2]

[Bridge]

*[M1]*

When you think of us think of pyramids and pistols  
And glimmering gold teeth that shine like crystals  
The mind is like a jewel son  
Only a fool wouldn't grasp it  
Wisdom is a tool, you get blasted  
When you think of us think of pyramids and pistols  
And glimmering gold teeth that shine like crystals  
The mind is like a jewel son  
Only a fool wouldn't grasp it  
Wisdom is a tool, you get blasted

"Free your mind, and the rest will follow  
Seize the time, no-one is promised tomorrow"

*[Repeat until fade]*

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Happiness"

[Verse 1:]

Yo, it's a beautiful day, and everybody's feelin' wonderful  
The ladies is out, lookin' fly, dressed comfortable  
I love to wake up, and feel the breeze through my window  
Slip on a fatigues, grab a dutch and roll some indo  
It be days like these, that make life so much easier  
Fish thawin' out, Guinness Stout in the freezer  
Walk the block at my leisure (my leisure)  
Summertime is like a anesthesia  
So many pretty things to please ya  
The greenery  
Beautiful birds, natural scenery  
Or even just a infinite sky  
We be forever puffin' lah  
On the block, or tellin' jokes in the ride (ha ha ha)  
When the weather be hot, everybody be outside (whut)  
Havin' fun (aight?), eatin' fresh fruits and vegetables  
And good food put me in the mood for a festival  
Some say the summer make a woman more sexual (s'up, boo)  
It's instinct -- that's why my game be right on schedule  
I put the great Mother Nature on a pedestal  
She always fly, but today, she's exceptional  
If I had a chance to make a wish  
Every day would be just like this, full of Happiness

[Chorus:]

I feel great

Even though we got mad things to deal with  
Happiness is all in the mind  
Let's unwind, and find a reason to smile  
I'm just glad to be livin'  
Feelin' fine  
Leavin' my bad times behind

Feels great

And no, we can't escape from the realness  
Happiness is all in the mind  
Let's unwind, and find a reason to smile  
I'm just glad to be alive  
Feelin' fine  
Livin' life one day at a time  
Feelin' great

Yeah, knaw'msayin'?

I just wanna give a shout out  
To everybody who got a birthday today  
Happiness (Happiness)

*[Verse 2]*

Have you ever heard the children play?  
Sometime, I feel the same way, roll up a j, and get away  
    Put some food on the grill  
        And just chill  
    Maybe build with my elders (uh)  
        Never know the things they could tell ya  
    Learnin' why the caged bird sings (why it do that?)  
'Cuz it's the vital things you know that separate the men from the Kings  
    The flowers that bloom and the Sun (uh)  
        And everybody singin' the tune, 'cuz it's time to have fun  
We out, rollerbladin' (uh, uh), a day where no one coulda stayed inside  
    Wash the car, now it's time to take a ride  
    Me and my crew hangin' out, all night to sunrise  
        Celebration of life, 'cuz every day is a surprise  
    Think of the rich countryside on the land of Jamaica  
        Mountains, springs and green acres  
    Or any other place in the world your mind takes you  
It's the good times in life that everybody can relate to (uh)  
    And you can leave your troubles behind  
        And have a wonderful time  
    Lay back and just ease your mind (whut)  
        You can leave your troubles behind  
        And have a wonderful time  
    Lay back and just ease your mind

*[Chorus]*

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Animal In Man"

[Two Guys Talking]

[Guy 1]

Help me!

[Guy 2]

You want me to help you?

Man is evil, capable of nothing but destruction

[Narrator]

Once upon a time

There was a very serious situation growing

There was a farmer and a farmyard filled with animals

And this is the story of their times

[Verse 1]

Old man Sammy had a farm

Walked the land with the wife

Most of the time shit was calm

His whole life was maintained off the everyday labor  
from the mules in the field to the cattle in the stable

This is how we kept food on this table (maxing)

You would have he was disabled by the way he be relaxing

Acting like Mr. Magnificent

But the animals were thinking something different

The sentiment was tension in the barnyard

Throughout the years they had been through mad drama

with the farmer, word is bond

And they all came to one conclusion

They argued there was no way they'd ever be free

If it was up to humans

Therefore the only course left was revolution which was understandable

And since the pigs promised to lead in the interest of all the animals

They planned a full attack

Under the leadership of Hannibal

The fattest pig in the pack

The next morning on the farm

Everything was calm

Just before dawn

But before long

The sun got so hot it made the farm seem electric

Now check it

This is when that shit got hectic

Directed by Hannibal, the animals attacked

Old Sam was in a state of shock

And fell up on his back

And dropped his rifle

Reaching in vain

Each and every creature from the field at his throat

Screaming "Kill, feel the pain."

*[Chorus]*

This is the animal in man  
This is the animal in you  
This is the animal in man  
Coming true [x2]

*[Verse 2]*

After they ran the farmer off the farm  
The pigs went around and called a meeting in the barn  
Hannibal spoke for several hours  
But when talks about his plans for power  
That's when the conversation turned sour  
He issued an official ordinance to set  
If not a pig from this day forth then you insubordinate  
That's when the horses went buckwild  
One of them shouted out  
"You fraudulent pigs, we know your fucking style!"  
Hannibal's face was flushed and pale  
All the animals eyes full of disgust and betrayal  
He felt the same way Sam felt  
They took his tongue out of his mouth  
And cut his body up for sale, for real  
You better listen while you can  
Its a very thin line between animal and man  
When Hannibal crossed the line they all took a stand  
What would have done?  
Shook his hand?  
This is the animal in man

*[Chorus x4]*

*[Narrator]*

Remember...

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "It's Bigger Than Hip-Hop"

*[radio tuning]*

It's still bigger than hip hop hip hop hip hop hip  
It's bigger than hip hop hip hop hip hop hip hop

*[Verse 1]*

Uhh, uhh, uhh

One thing 'bout music when it's real they get scared

Got us slavin for the welfare

Aint no food, clothes, or healthcare

I'm down for guerilla warfare

All my niggas put your guns in the air if you really don't care

Skunk in the air, make a nigga wanna buck in the air

for my brother locked up in the jump for a year

Shit is real out here don't believe these videos

This fake ass industry gotta pay to get a song on the radio

Really though, DP'z gon' let you know

It's just a game of pimps and hoes

And it's all 'bout who you know

Not who we are, or how we grow

I rap 'bout what I know, what I go through

What I been through, not just for no dough

Even though the rent due, what I'm into aint for no dough

Or just no fame, everything must change, nothin remains the same

Sick of the same ol' thang, it's bigger than "Bling Bling"

*[HOOK:]*

If I, feel it I feel it, if I don't, I don't

If it aint really real then I probably won't

Rollin with my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to ride

For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die

Uhh, hip what hop what hip what hop what hip what hop what

Hop c'mon, c'mon, my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to ride

For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die

*[Verse 2]*

Hip hop means sayin what I want never bite my tongue

Hip hop means teaching the young

If you feelin what I'm feelin then you hearin what I'm sayin

cause these fake fake records just keep on playin

What you sayin huh DP bringin the funk

Let the bassline rattle your trunk, uhhh!

Punk pig wit a badge wanna handcuff me cuz my pants that's tend to sag

Hip hop means throw up your rag, soldier flag

Whether ridin on the bus or you stole a jag

M-1 mean freedom, burn the cash

Revolutionary love til the day we pass

Will they play it on the radio  
Maybe not, maybe so we gon keep it pumpin though  
Everybody know we headed for the whoa, fo sho

[Verse 3]

Ay dogg that label is that slave ship  
Owners got them whips and rappers is slaves  
If you really wanna eat you gotta hear the same thing  
With the football, b-ball, or if you slangin that dope  
Aint never seen no hope, brainwash video shows be foolin my folk  
What the hell a brother gon do though, huh  
When the rent due, when the lights and the gas gonna get cut off  
Drop them raps or cock them gats  
Aint never had shit ever since we came to this bitch  
Why I gotta feel pain to get rich  
'Stead of stackin chips, finna pack them clips

[HOOK x2]

(Ride to this if you miss Tupac, bounce to this if you love Big Poppa)

We keep it crunkah

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Propaganda"

*[Intro: news snippets]*

"Let me now turn, to our program for the future..."

"The economy right now, is extremely supportive of the president and his policies"

"FBI scientists have found chemical traces, consistent with a bomb or a missle, on a piece of wreckage..."

"Police using clubs and tear gas against demonstrators..."

"They called me a mother -(bleeped out)-ing so-and-so...and a white facist...like they said, 'you're getting some of your own medicine'..."

*[Singing:]*

Telling lies, to our vision

Telling lies, to our children

Telling lies, to our babies

Only truth, can take us away

*[Verse 1:]*

You can't fool all the people all of the time

But if you fool the right ones, then the rest will fall behind

Tell me who's got control of your mind? your world view?

Is it the news or the movie you're taking your girl to? (uh)

Know what i'm sayin cause Uncle Sam got a plan

If you examine what they tellin us then you will understand

What they plantin in the seeds of the next generation

Feeding our children miseducation

No one knows if there's UFO's or any life on mars

Or what they do when they up in the stars

Because i don't believe a word of what the president said

He filling our head with lies got us hypnotised

When he be speaking in cold words about crime and poverty

Drugs, welfare, prisons, guns and robbery

It really means us, there's no excuse for the slander

But what's good for the goose, is still good for the gander

See...

*[Chorus:]*

I don't believe Bob Marley died from cancer

31 years ago i woulda been a panther

They killed Huey cause they knew he had the answer

The views that you see in the news is propaganda

*[Singing:]*

Telling lies, to our vision

Telling lies, to our children

Telling lies, to our babies

Only truth, can take us away

*[Verse 2:]*

I don't want no computer chip in my arm  
I don't wanna die by a nuclear bomb  
I say we all rush the pentagon, pull out guns  
And grab the intercom, my first word's will be I believe  
Man made God, outta ignorance and fear  
If God made man, then why the hell would he put us here?  
I thought he's supposed to be the all loving  
The same God who let Hitler put the Jews in the oven  
We don't fall for the regular shit, they try to feed us  
All this half-ass leadership, flippin position  
They turn politician and shut the hell up and follow tradition  
For your TV screen, is telling lies to your vision  
Every channel got some brainwashed cop shit to watch  
Running up in niggas cribs claiming that they heard shots  
It's a plot, but busta can you tell me who's greedier?  
Big corporations, the pigs or the media?  
Sign of the times, terrorism on the rise  
Commercial airplanes, falling out the sky like flies  
Make me wonder what secrets went down with Bob Brown (?)  
Who burnt churches to the ground with no evidence found?  
It's not coincidence, it's been too many studied incidents  
It coulda been the Klan who put that bomb at the Olympics  
But it probably was the FBI, deep at the call  
Cuz if they make us all panic then they can start martial law

*[Chorus:]*

I don't believe Bob Marley died from cancer  
31 years ago i woulda been a panther  
They killed Huey cause they knew he had the answer  
The views that you see in the news is propaganda  
  
I don't believe Bob Marley died from cancer  
31 years ago i woulda been a panther  
You killed Huey cause you knew he had the answer  
The views that you see in the news is muthafuckin propaganda

*[Singing:]*

Police is telling lies fooling millions  
What are they teaching our kids in these school buildings?  
Televised, enterprised in all the killing  
Controlling our lives, this ain't living  
No this ain't living

*[Chant:]*

FBI, CIA  
ATF, KKK  
IRS, TNT  
CBS, NBC

FBI, CIA  
ATF, KKK  
IRS, TNT

CBS, NBC

*[Singing:]*

Telling lies, to our vision  
Telling lies, to our children  
Telling lies, to our babies  
Only truth, can take us away

*[News snippet:]*

"uh, we view each other uh, with uh, a great love and a great understanding and that we try to expand this to the general, uh, black population and also people, oppressed people all over the world, and, i think that uh, we differ from uhmm... uh, some other groups simply because we understand the system better than uh, most uh, groups understand the system, and uh, with this realisation, uh, we attempt to form a strong political base based in the community with the only strength that we have and that's the strength of uh, a potentially destructive force if we don't get freedom."

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "The Pistol"

We ain't tryin to hear shit for what? (Cash money)

We whole world operating off a (Cash money)

To all my niggas with a whole lotta (Cash money)

Watch yo' back money

You couldn't neva understand how my mind tick

I'm on some old school crime shit

When niggas sold two's to keep the dimes lit

Ain't no rules when these iron shots are stoned dun

This heat burn through your flesh, stright to the bones

I reach for the buddha cess and zone

I probably have a future of stress, stay depressed and be alone

But as far as the present time its on

I represent mine til I return to the S and said I'm dead and gone

Nobody wanna be broke and you neither

Put me on the co'na, watch me catch a quick case of cream fever

If you be poppin shit my niggas won't believe ya

Probably punch you in the face and take ya wallet when we see ya

But son it gets deeper

I'm runnin with a click thats bein' hunted by the grim reaper

To all my peoples in the man keeper

Let'cha situation be a teacher

Ain't nothin like a education

When I was locked down I learned about patience and dedication

And not to say shit, unless you need a motherfuckin face lift

And as a youth I was a outcast

Runnin around with pellet guns playin war but now it's all about cash

### [Chorus:]

I'm caught up, caught up in a mix of shit

And I ain't tryin to hear shit til my got cash to get

Blast you with the pistol

If I have to, in my mind its all about cash in a fistfull

I'm caught up in a mix of shit

And I ain't tryin to hear shit til my got cash to get

Splash you with the pistol

If I have to, in my mind its all about cash in a fistfull

Up late night and upset, and fed up

Niggas comin up wet, I'm dead up

Fuck tryin to your head up

And when it go down, word bond we gotta get up

Too many locked down upstate, son its a set up

My life has sped up, many years I'm straight up

Plenty bears for who ain't here and those who ate up

Test and get sprayed up in the club

We couldn't run it so we take the blade up in the booth

Since we couldn't shoot  
We heat it up, losin the shirt, showin the bare chest  
I'm blessed, puffin the skunk make me care less  
The best that you can do is duck my fuckin crew  
If the slugs don't get'cha, lord J'll jig ya  
Actin artificial you'll get burnt my the pistol  
Before its done, even my guns'll turn to missles  
Don't have to blow the whistle on you  
'Cuz everybody knows you  
Watch yourself around borderline pyschos  
Who know my people gotta hold a mint  
Or they ain't worth a cent  
How can you represent, if you can't pay the rent  
And leave a dent in my life time, I'm caught up in trife crime  
In fights you neva know what you might find  
We stand firm meanwhile cuz niggas that seem wild  
Be buckin blanks, if they were men they wouldn't fuck with pranks  
I leave them niggas alone and stay home  
Unitl it cool down as they remember how my tool sound

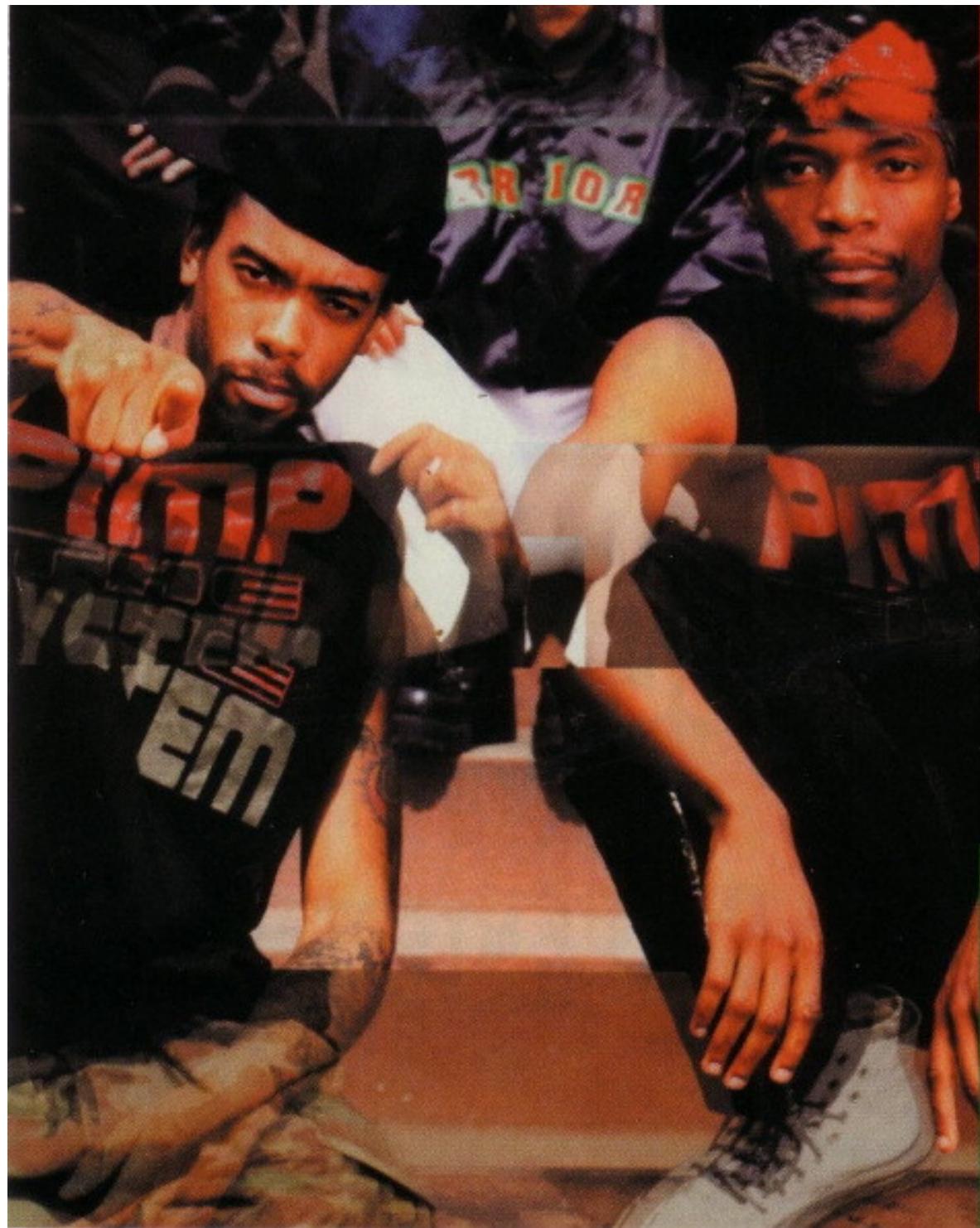
[Chorus]

We ain't tryin to hear shit for what? (Cash money)  
We whole world operating off a (Cash money)  
To all my niggas with a whole lotta (Cash money)  
Watch yo' back money

Yeah, we up on what we dealing with  
We ain't no criminals  
We got the right to have gats  
As long as the army, navy, air force, marines got gats  
We gon' hold heat, knamsayin?  
'Cuz our army gotta represent for us  
Word up  
Aiyyo, Maintain (Yeah)  
Set that shit son

Forever keeping my shit cocked for drama  
Stainless steal, shit is for real  
The way these rats is known to squeal, makin' sour deals  
Thugs up in to mix with these drugs, caught up in the humble  
Bricks and paper by the bundle how the Bronx humble  
?? devils get deaded, never regret it, only known to set it  
Stealin existence obviusly ya jetted  
Speak the desest, I see the pyramid and eagle  
Back of the dollar bill, ill decitful, we consider leathal  
God fallin, niggas be ballin, guzzlin alcoholics  
Two drinks, too many is like whitey infulltrating your fortress  
This is on, we 'bout to form, best prepare for the storm  
Ya'll funny niggas quick to ring the alarm  
Bomb fell, now a nation is gel  
We had to dwell for four hundred or more  
The Lord had the right just livin poor

Resurrectin the true and livin back the power  
Devils getiin devoured, niggas heard the god holla



dpz

turn  
off  
the  
radio

the  
mixtape  
volume 1

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Turn Off The Radio"

Woohooohooohooohoo...  
Crank up yo' speakers!

*[Stic.]*

To all my (niggaz)  
Every hustlin (nigga)  
Strugglin (niggaz)  
Revolutionary (niggaz)  
Gang-bangin (niggaz)  
Chain-gangin (niggaz)  
Tune yo' frequency...

I refuse to be a stereotype in ya box  
Never wanna try to be somethin I'm not  
I'm just a nigga from the block, if you got it twist it  
Stay blowin on green, if you got it, twist it on up  
DP's givin a fuck - R.B.G.'d up in some gangsta chucks  
Throw ya fist up homie if ya know what's up  
All my comrades puttin in soldier work  
We rollin dirty wit it, fully dedicated  
So real that the radio'll never play it  
But that's cool, the enemy supposed to hate it  
Freedom ain't gon' come til we regulate 'em  
That's why I'm in the dojo, not just for the video  
Really though, we really got beef with the po-po (woop-woop)  
Never know when they gon' put you in a chokehold  
This is for you new niggaz, holdin for the radio

*[Chorus]*

Turn off the radio!  
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)  
Turn off the radio!  
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)  
Turn off the radio!  
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)  
Turn off the radio!

*[phone rings]*

*[M-1]* People's Radio  
*[Stic.]* Yo hang up, that's the police

*[M-1]*

What's on the radio, propoganda, mind control  
And turnin it on is like puttin on a blindfold  
Cuz when you bringin the real you don't get ro-tation  
Unless you take over the station  
And yeah I know it's part of they plans

To make us think it's all about party and dancin  
And yo it might sound good when you spittin your rap  
    But in reality, don't nobody live like that  
    You wanna know what kinda nigga I am?  
Lemme tell you 'bout the nigga I'm not - I don't fuck with the cops  
    Platinum don't mean that it gotta be hot  
    I ain't gotta love it, even if they play it a lot  
    You can hear it when you walk the streets  
How many people they reach, how they use music to teach  
    A "radio program" ain't a figure of speech  
Don't sleep, cuz you could be a radio freak (freak-freak y'all)

*[Chorus]*  
Turn off the radio!  
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)  
    Turn off the radio!  
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)  
    Turn off the radio!

*[Stic.]* People's Radio, you on the air  
*[caller]* I got a phat chain, I got a phat whip  
    *[caller]* I got a... \*hang-up\*  
*[Stic.]* Nigga get off that bullshit!

*[high-pitched voice]*  
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters  
    Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter  
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters  
    Turn up your receivers, we bangin for the people  
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters  
    Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter

*[Stic. x2]*  
Freak-freak y'all, to the beat y'all  
DP's dawg, we got the heat dawg  
    People's Radio, on ya stereo  
    For the ghettos, and the varrio

*[high-pitched voice]*  
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters  
    Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter  
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters  
    Turn up your receivers, we bangin for the people

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "That's War!"

*[M-1: over "Whoa!" beat]*

the cops stop you just cause you black THAT'S WAR  
run your prints through the system THAT'S WAR  
when they call my hood a drug zone THAT'S WAR  
slum lords charge me for the rent THAT'S WAR  
why they so rich and we poor THAT'S WAR  
if you young and black you sell crack THAT'S WAR  
the White House is the rock house THAT'S WAR  
George Bush coming out his mouth THAT'S  
WAR chillen on the corner with your gang THAT'S WAR  
popo do the same damn thing THAT SWAR  
when they murdered Amado Dialo THAT'S WAR  
marching through the streets is a strategy of WAR  
knowing self defense is a strategy of WAR  
soldiers try to link with other soldiers THAT'S WAR  
Revolutionaries gotta know the art of WAR  
What about hip hop use that fuck a rap battle what about a gat battle lets  
take it to the beast and see which cat tattle  
Is it 'Kiss vs. Beans or P vs. Hov'  
What about the real niggaz vs. the 5-0  
This is M-1, DP, don't you forget  
Cause you can talk talk talk but it don't mean shit  
I ain't gotta pop your top to see where your brains went  
This rap shit is bigger then entertainment  
It's the people vs. the pigs when it all boils down  
It ain't 'Pac vs. Big it;s whos getting the power  
And power ain't money dog its self determination  
Like taking Hot and making this the real People's Station  
THAT'S WAR

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "We Need A Revolution"

I'm tired

I'm tired

I'm tired of struggalin dog.

I'm tired of struggalin dog.

The system ain't gonna change,  
unless we make it change.

The white is the rock house,  
Uncle Sam is the motha fuckin' pusher man.  
What I gotta do to make sure ya understand?  
Spinnin' on the beat-box Timbaland,

What I gotta do?

Kidnap a lil'

take a melody?

Make it relevant? Hold a harmony hostage  
to these people, army verses,  
that's the arms in the churches,  
bombs in the purses,  
just when you think it's calm on the surface,  
we bomb on the first,  
Uncle Tom get nervous and reverse.

Revolutionary curse words

First come, first served.

It ain't no loss, though,

Freedom cost blood

that's the word to the mouth bird, nigga.

We need a revolution,

We need a revolution,

The system ain't gonna change unless we make it change.

[x2]

(Black Power) We need a revolution, (Army G's)

We need a revolution, (Army G's)

The system ain't gonna change (Army G's) unless we make it change. (Nigga this that Army G's)

[x2]

Gotta a cure for AIDS and cancer,  
wanna know come follow me now?

Diabetes and citracelli and mad cow wanna know how?

I can stop these cops from killin',

I can feed these hungry children,

I can stop racism, a product of cap-it-a-lism.

I can unpack the prisons,

and turn religion back to we livin'

I can stop the bloods from pillin' caps

and the crypts from pillin' back  
and get yo' cousin off crack,  
I can stop the war,  
that's in the black hood,  
Send the money right back to the po' fo' sho an'  
if you with me nigga, let me know  
let's go, if ya really wanna know  
(I wanna know.)  
(We need a revolution)  
Mutha fuck they constitution

Army G's off in this think  
they hip to the game,  
gettin' off the chains

The system ain't gonna change,  
unless we make it change.

You are now listening to WIBG,  
the People's radio

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Know Your Enemy"

[stic.man & m1 talking]  
[m1:] ugh, know what I mean?  
[stic.man:] I can't believe these niggas  
[m1:] gon' flip they scurve, these niggas, what?  
[stic.man:] mo'fuckin star spangled banner shit  
[m1:] yeah, I can't even- yo, fuck that, i'm not fuckin with this shit  
i'm not fuckin with none of these niggas  
[stic.man:] red, white and blue thugs, now  
[m1:] ugh  
[stic.man:] that's how it's goin down niggas  
[m1:] straight r.b.g.'s (r.b.g.'s), for life, for life  
[stic.man:] y'all talk bout the rocks on your watch  
[m1:] know that  
[stic.man:] y'all niggas don't even know what time it is  
[m1:] yeah, ugh, you betta

[chorus:]

[stic.man & m1]  
know your enemy, know yourself  
that's the politic  
george bush is way worse than bin laden is  
know your enemy, know yourself  
that's the politic  
f.b.i., c.i.a., the real terrorists  
know your enemy, know yourself  
that's the politic  
george bush is way worse than bin laden is  
know your enemy, know yourself  
that's the politic  
c.i.a., f.b.i. the real terrorists

[stic.man]  
you got to watch what you say in these days and times  
It's a touchy situation, lotta fear and emotion  
september 11th  
televised world-wide  
suicide planes fallin like bombs from out the sky  
they wasn't aimin at us  
not at my house  
they hit the world trade, the pentagon, and almost got the white house  
now everybody walkin round patriotic  
how we gon' fight to keep freedom when we ain't got it?  
you wanna stop terrorists?  
start with the u.s. imperialists  
ain't no track record like america's, see  
bin laden was trained by the c.i.a

but I guess if you a terrorist for the u.s

then it's okay

uh huh

*[m1]*

they try to make us think we crazy

but I know what they doin, they tryna put us back in slavery

check it, to get on welfare you gotta get your fingerprints

soon ya gotta do eyescans to get your benefits

now they got them cards to swipe, ain't no more foodstamps

shoulda seen it comin, now it's too late to get amped

and everything got a barcode

so they know what you got, when you got it, and what you still owe

you seen them projects, lately you better watch it

why they got us surrounded if money is the object?

why they use satellites to keep track of the criminals?

why they puttin jails in schools, is it subliminal?

cameras everywhere to protect us from one another

or is it the undercover, disguised as big brother

and even freedom of speech is limited

mad leaders done spoke up, and look at what these crackas did

*[chorus]*

*[m1]*

and you ain't got to believe me

go 'head and listen to bush

the dope pusher on the t.v

what you think the war is for?

cause the greedy wantin more and more

we be hustlin the corridor

I would never join the military

one soldier to another, nigga holla if ya hear me

goin out to the best sons and daughters

don't be a lamb gettin led to the slaughter

I'ma keep ridin when my momma released

cause ain't no stoppin us now, dawg

freedom before peace

ugh

they got a plan for us?

we got a plan for them

and this time we gon' win

who in? you out? you in?

no doubt, we men

ain't no ridin the fence

It's called self-defense

It makes sense

when they tell us we gotta shackles on our brains (say what?)

I'll be damned if I sit here and let them put us back in chains

*[singing]*

at the bonfires of the city

I've seen blood (*[stic.man:]* a'what?...)

blood ([stic.man:] a'what?...)

blood ([stic.man:] a'what?...)

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Look Around"

[woman singing]

[stic.man] Beatnuts, dead prez

[woman] What I wanna sayyy

[stic.man and/or m1]

Everytime I look around, I see

So much drama goin down

Everytime I look around, I see

So much fakeness goin down

[stic.man]

Why I'ma- be stingy when I could share?

Why I'ma- be hateful if I could care?

Why would I hate my own?

Or forsake my own?

Why would I- fuck around and get a jake on my chrome?

I wouldn't- have to stick you if we all could eat

It wouldn't be no need for beef

Dyin over streets we don't even own anyway

You could get bucked off anyday

We behind enemy lines

Y'all still writin Hennessy rhymes

While I'm tryna find a good price for a nine

Feel like my life on the line

That's why a nigga be hype all the time

Ready for the revolution at the drop a'a dime

[m1]

I got a duty to have security for my niggas

My duty to serve the beautiful black sistas

A duty to stand wit' anybody that's wit' us

And fully criticize all bullshittas

There should be awards presented- to niggas who fight back

Like Panther jackets, or sistas who light gats

I'm a full-blooded warrior, ready for change

Recognize any soldier that's doin the same

Because I love who I am, and that means everything to me

My life ain't worth a damn unless I'm dealin with reality

When I look myself in the eyes, it's just me

And I don't have to tell nobody no lies, I feel free

And I would rather deal with the truth and falsehood

Than bein fake with my people and claimin 'it's all good'

You can't run away from ya self, so that's useless

If your word is bond, then you don't have to make excuses

Everytime I look around, I see

So much drama goin down

Hold up! [intro to 'Old School Survival']

[crowd] Wait a minute!

Let's take it back to the old school

[man talking] Yo, 'memba back in the day?

When sh- everything was all smooth 'n calm  
And shit was like- [other man] snap? on, nigga

Yo man, I'm doin it, I'm doin it man

I'm sayin like-'memba back in like in '70

Fuckin '79, Nah, nah '87! Tha's my favorite

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Hip-Hop (RBG Mix)"

You are listening to the sounds of the RBGs, Turn Off The Radio, tune your frequency.  
This is DPz nigga, Revolutionary But Gangsta, holla back!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop  
(Come again...break them chains, come on!)  
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop  
(Break them chains, come on!)

Who shot 2Pac? If we don't get them they gon get us all  
I'm down for runnin up on them crackas in the City Hall  
We ride for yall, all my dogs stay real  
nigga don't think these record deals gon feed your seeds and pay your bills because they not  
Emcees get a little bit a lovin think they hot  
Talkin bout how much money they got, nigga all your records sound the same  
I'm sick of that fake thug R&B rap scenario all day on the radio  
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material, yall don't here me though  
These record labels slang our tapes like dope  
You can be next in line and signed and still be writing rhymes and broke  
You rather have a Lexus? or justice?  
a dream or some substance?  
a Beamer a necklace or freedom?  
See a nigga like me don't playa hate, I just stay awake it's real hip hop  
and it don't stop till we get these crackers off out block! (C'mon)

We be DP RBG for life, TURN OFF THE RADIO!  
The revolution won't be televised, TURN OFF THAT BULLSHIT!  
We be DP RBG for life, TURN OFF THE RADIO!

One thing bout music when it hit you feel no pain  
white folks take control of your brain, I know better than that  
that's game and we ready for that  
Two soldiers head of the pack, matter of fact who got the gat?  
And where my army at?  
Rather attack and not react  
back to beats it don't reflect on how many records get sold  
on sex drugs and rock-n-roll  
whether your projects' put on hold  
In the real world, it's just people with ideas  
They just like me and you when the smoke and camera disappear  
Again the real world  
it's bigger than all these fake-ass records  
When po' folks got the millions and my sisters' disrespected  
If you "Check 1-2" my word of advise to you is just relax  
Just do what you got to do, if that don't work then kick the facts  
If you a fighter, ryder, biter, flame-ignitor, crowd-exciter, Or you wanna  
jus' get high, then just say it  
But then if you a liar-liar, pants on fire, wolf-crier, agent wit' a wire I'm

gon' know it when I play it  
It's bigger than..

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (We be DP RBG for life) TURN OFF THE RADIO!  
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (the revolution won't be televised) TURN OFF THAT  
BULLSHIT!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (We be DP RBG for life) TURN OFF THE RADIO!  
The revolution won't be televised TURN OFF THE RADIO!

My neck...my back...they put a noose on my neck and whips on my back!  
My neck...my back...you got a tie around your neck but they breakin your back!  
My neck...my back...they put a noose on my neck and whips on my back!  
My neck...my back...and if you got BLING on your neck you better watch your back!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..  
(nigga it's bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..  
(it's still bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..  
(nigga it's bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop...TURN OFF THE RADIO!

Word up! Eyes open fist clenched. Dare to struggle dare to win  
Goin out to all the ryders  
RBG love, that's Revolutionary But Gangsta!  
Word up! My whole team! [?], D-Don,  
Stik Daddy Dolla\$, Maintain hold strong!  
Fred Hampton, Jr., we got they eyes on them  
We know they got they eyes on you, word up, everybody doin time  
Minimum, medium...maximum, super maximum security concentration camps  
All the ryders we right there with you!  
RBG LOVE! It's goin out like that!  
Everybody, push that middle finger up in the air  
to George Bush if you know what time it is!  
Yeah! Turn off the motherfuckin radio!

# Dead Prez Lyrics

"Sellin' D.O.P.E."

Drugs oppress the people every day

sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle to hustle just to eat

aint no hope in the streets, you broke you sell dope  
all my young niggaz outside hustlin coke  
know the drama, if you aint sellin crack then its ganja  
I been through it dun, hittin niggaz two for one  
pullin guns out and bustin my shits too  
what? I aint give a fuck  
I used to get a rush when i bust mine  
backin up my nickle and dimes  
goin thru difficult time  
writin my life story in rhyme  
but when I look at all the niggas  
they hit with mad time  
in proportion with the big king pins it dont fit  
you could get caught with barely a half a slab  
and the judge sentence you like you ran the ave  
I aint plan to get rich fom sellin that shit  
it was survival  
my game plan was not to get knocked by 5-0  
but who am I  
just a young nigga caught in the mix  
and if this weed dont sell I'm'a cop me a brick

sellin dope, servin weed, we had to hustle to hustle just to eat  
sellin dope, servin weed, we had to hustle to hustle just to eat

its been a minute sncie I been in the game  
some years back I held crack  
I couldn't say the same thing  
ask my niggas bang double and rowley  
we was trouble got the fiends spot bubbling hot  
we wouldnt never make a lot  
I mean not like scarface or nino brown  
or george bush no matter what you push  
it was politics and camera tricks  
very deceptive  
criminal lies  
us in fooled with the collective  
for the most part we don't own no boats and planes  
we just cop it from poppi  
bag it in the cellophane  
its a family thing  
you got to hustle all night  
yo I seen fiends losing they brains for hard white

ask my aunt and my brother and my stressed out mother  
how realistic it gets its sadistic  
statistics show its sick how we livin  
the one thing bigger than dope games is prisons  
one million niggas inside  
over three million is tied and plus the president lied  
because the white house is the rock house  
uncle sam the pusha man  
this is for my people on the island

sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle to hustle just to eat  
sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle just to eat

but what we gon do when we caught up  
and have to face responsibility?  
(this that ghetto shit, this that ghetto shit)

what we gon do when we caught up  
and have to face responsibility?  
(this that ghetto shit, this that ghetto shit)

out on the block, white tee shirt, army fatigues  
niggas hold crack in they mouth watchin for D  
sellin dope, you know how it bееz  
tryin to get that government cheese  
and the D's yell freeze

seliin dope, white tee shirt, army fatigues  
niggas hold crack in they mouth watchin for D  
sellin dope, you know how it bееz  
tryin to get that government cheese  
and the D's yell freeze

tallahasee up in this bitch  
my nigga maintain, nimrod  
my nigga percent, abu  
my brother troy locked up  
huey newton rest in peace  
south rowley, california  
brooklyn, dean street  
dead prez 98  
get it straight  
and all my family and my whole army  
get it straight

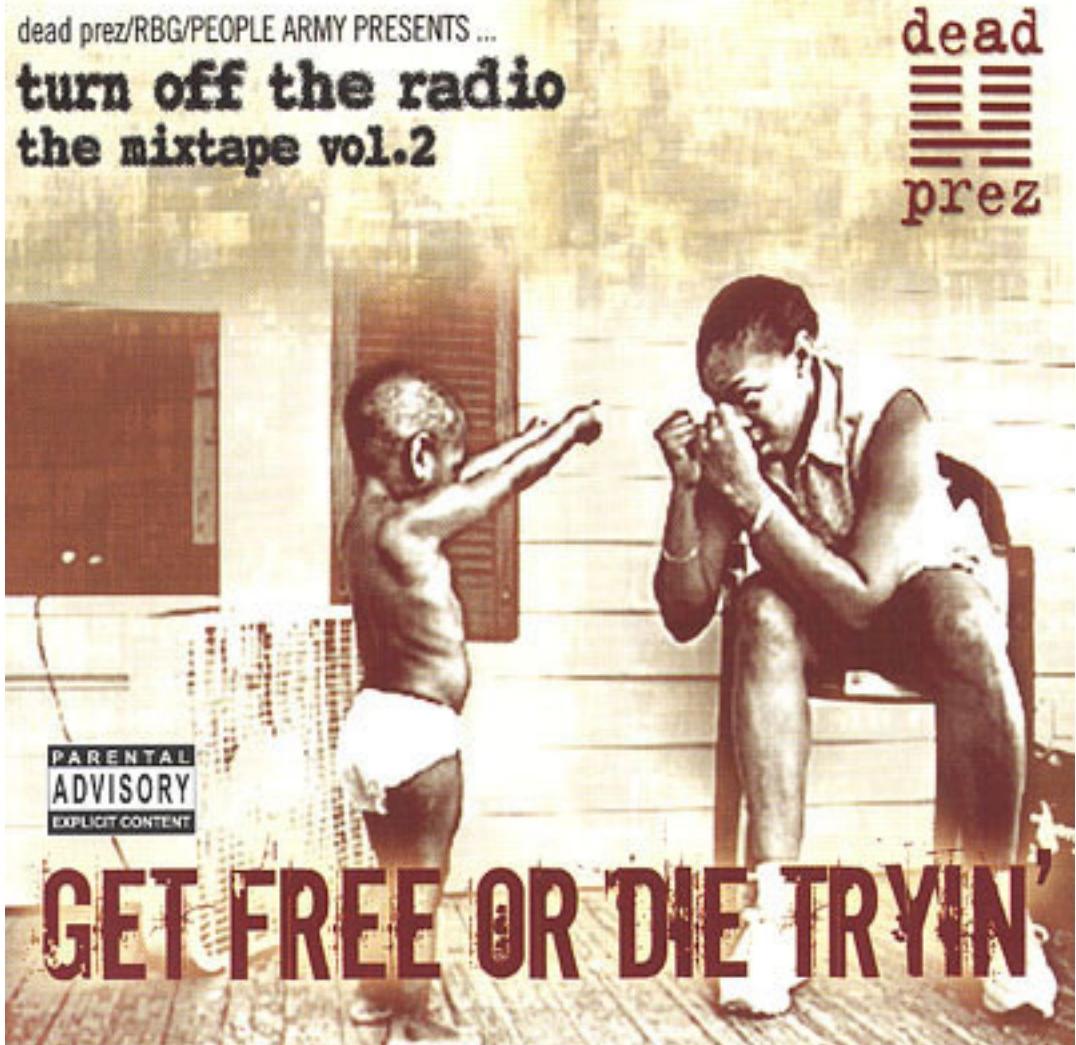
dead prez/RBG/PEOPLE ARMY PRESENTS ...

**turn off the radio  
the mixtape vol.2**

dead  
prez

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

**GET FREE OR DIE TRYIN'**



# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Fuck The Law"

(feat. The RBG Family & Stic)

Slap a white boy. Snuff your landlord  
Smash some windows. Break the camcord  
Rob the corner store. Bomb the precinct  
Take the CO. Stab the GT  
Pimp the system. Bang for freedom  
Fuck the high schools. Burn the prisons  
Ride on the record labels. Jump your A&R  
Fuck the contract. Push the AR  
Get your bank up. Slip the banks up  
Break the handcuffs. Invade the campus  
Steal some pampers. Smash the cameras  
Fuck the police. Grab the camera

You wonder why we feel like fuck the law  
You wonder why we write up on the wall  
You wonder why we burn the cities down  
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now  
You wonder why we feel like fuck the law  
You wonder why we write up on the wall  
You wonder why we burn the cities down  
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now

Cock your rifle. Rep your people  
Fuck probation. Kidnap your PO  
Run the roadblocks. Smash a TV  
Fuck with DP. Steal the CD  
Kiss my black ass. Nail the judges  
Hang the lawyers. Ride for justice  
Keep it gangsta. Kill the snitches  
Get rid of the middleman. Control your business

You wonder why we feel like fuck the law  
You wonder why we write up on the wall  
You wonder why we burn the cities down  
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now  
You wonder why we feel like fuck the law  
You wonder why we write up on the wall  
You wonder why we burn the cities down  
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now

# Dead Prez Lyrics

"Tallahassee Days"

(feat. Stic)

1993

Southside

Orange Ave

Southcity

Tallahassee Florida

I'm take ya'll back to the yellow mustang with no license  
With that 38 under the seat

What you know?

Yo

Whoever said life is beautiful lied

This shit is hell

I've seen too many funerals

Too many of my niggas locked in cells

Nobody ever put me on life was like this

I'm 20 years old and my whole life's a crisis

No way out

And I mean that

When I say that

Runnin' round from place to place

Like a stray cat

I don't own nothing, don't hold nothing

I'm growin up with nothing to show for all my hustlin'

Still strugglin'

And a job is a joke

They ain't hirin'

The only free ride I get is one with a siren

So what other choice do I have?

I got niggas on the ave

Pushin slabs that a break me off a Porche and a half

So I can stand on my own two

Be able to have what I need

So I can do what I want to

I wish I woulda had a career

Cause through the years my momma stressed

Takin care of self

But I ain't here

I was caught up

Sipin on Coors

Smokin Newports

Short

In and out of court

Without a single thought

These days I'm out bout to Loc

Whether I make a record or serve dope

I refuse to keep bein broke

Cause times are getting rougher by the second  
As long as I come up  
Who give a fuck about the method  
It's a kill or be killed kind of a theory that's in me  
So when I die, at least I'm taking somebody with me  
If I'm wrong, than I rather be wrong than right  
45 calibre chrome and its on tonight  
Nigga  
That's how I'm livin  
Low life, runin licks  
Taking big risks  
Tryin to get my motherfuckin flow right  
Cause without loot it's useless  
My life as a youth was fruitless  
That's why nowadays I'm ruthless  
Plus I got a lady in my life  
That one day just may be my wife  
If I can deal with this crazy strife  
I put love in the air  
Show that I care for her  
Let her know I always be there for her  
But right now the type of life I live  
Can't afford no wife and kid  
I gotta fight for my right to live  
So I cock my hat low  
Snatchin up pocket books and float  
Cause I'm a thug and that's all I know  
Whatever it take to make the steps  
I'm ready to take the steps  
Whoever got paps better break theyself

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Scared To Die"

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools  
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, even though I wanna live  
Deep down inside I'm a cross between homicidal, suicidal  
'Coz I was born to give my life like the Messiah  
Smokin' weed till I can't get no high, tryin' to ease the tension

Heavenly Father, did I mentioned in my confession  
The world got me stressin', maybe death will be a blessin'?  
[Incomprehensible] grew up learnin' lessons in the street  
From seminary to 72nd in Lacey in the east

Side of Oakland, California I was on my own at a early age  
That's why I'm filled with rage  
I know the system is responsible  
For the conditions of my black folks in the ghetto

All across America, their funk is deeper  
I put the message in the music to wake you up out your sleep but  
How could I keep my head above the water  
When the force of the current is pullin' me harder than I can swim?  
Sometimes I feel like I oughta die the death of a martyr  
Before they kill me, I'ma slaughter [?]

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools  
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools  
I ain't scared to die, I ain't scared to kill  
I'm a righteous black gorilla from the hill of 72nd in Lacey St

To all my comrades in the pen, wait for me  
I swear to God, I'ma set you free  
Even if I gotta lay it down in the dirt and if I'm lyin' I'm dyin'  
If I'm dyin' atleast I died puttin' in work  
And if there's Hell below, we all gon' go  
Death can't hurt unless we die slow

Sometimes I look up in the mirror starin' deep into my own eye  
Searchin' for the strength to carry on  
Wonderin' if I died a physical death

Will my people remember me when I'm gone?

The ghetto is a warzone, 7200 is my head code  
'Coz when the funk is on I pop the clip up in my chrome millimeter  
The Grim Reaper, keep my heater in my shoulder  
[?] soldiers at the hideout

Righteous black gorillaz 'bout to ride out, to put the smash down  
Run up in the bank, yellin', ?We want the cash now?  
To finance a revolutionary struggles all around  
Lay it down on the ground

And if I hear the sound of a siren  
I won't hesitate to get the firin' on everybody in the buildin'  
Killin?, I'm a villain because I'm black  
Put your hands up to the ceilin', keep on fillin' up the sack

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools  
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools  
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

# Dead Prez Lyrics

"When Mama Cries"

(feat. Stic, Jamila, Umi & M1)

Why do babies cry?  
Cauz they knew they were born in that violent start  
And my mama cried, on the day I was born cauz she knew I would die

Aw shit, another young brother hit  
They got me doin my dips and loadin my clips  
Bloomberg name place like shit on our lips  
Projects flippin, niggas is shitting on pigs  
It's ain't a war where we live nomore, it's a massacre  
Brothers ain't trying to ride, we in the passenger seat  
And everybody just tryna eat  
But im tryna eat then live get high n get free  
Dont tell me im deceivin myself  
If has the case I rather meet reality now  
A gun to my face than play fight with police and get shot in the back  
So they can dirty my name and sprinkle some crack  
Tell me that's not how we gettin down  
We have some principals I guess some things is diffrent now  
Broken promises we made to my homie's mom  
They killed her only son and now she cryin in my arms BE STRONG

Don't cry don't cry don't cry no more  
Cauz it won't be long, we will survive  
Don't cry don't cry don't cry no more  
Cauz it won't be long, we're gonna ride

I cried when Tupac died, it was a Friday  
We sat up that whole night, bumping Shawtay  
I felt the same way when I lost my cousin Padre  
Why so many niggas had to go out the hard way  
Nobody knows the reasons we here  
We just surviving from day to day  
Caught up in the game you have to pay to play  
Life is just a series of days that fade away  
Everyday the sun rises but nothing changes

I feel the sadness, I'm tryna console his family  
And tell his mama that her son is still standin  
I know he left you a life that's full of pressure  
But in me you'll find a piece of his spirit  
And as children, the block was our prison  
We couldn't escape the bid that we was given  
Learnin lessons, searchin for directions  
Clinging to the truth, poverty kept us desperate  
With steady grind and with our minds on survival  
Had plans to build a fam without dope or violence

But in a second, niggas is left breathless  
We as caught in this storm, being born as a black men  
And life is tragic, my nigga's in his casket  
They got me loadin clips ready to bust a cracker  
I can't replace him, but I'm here to help you face it  
Consider me your son, 'till it's my time to face death

Don't cry (don't Mama) don't cry (don't you cry) don't cry no more  
Cauz it won't be long, (You know that we will survive) we will survive  
Don't cry (don't Mama) don't cry (don't you cry) don't cry no more  
Cauz it won't be long, (You know that we're gonna ride) we're gonna ride

Mama hold your head up high  
Cauz it wont be long, (You gotta be strong) we're gonna ride  
Mama hold your head up high  
It won't be long, (It won't be long) we're gonna ride

Bang for change, Make the change  
That's on everything  
It's on for life

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Window To My Soul"

My big brother. Revolutionary love  
You know your lil brother love you, dawg  
You know your sister love you, dawg  
You know your mama love you, dawg  
We riding right here with you dawg  
Be strong man. Keep pushing forward. Look here

You're my brother and I love you and I wrote this for ya  
If I could change anything, it's what that dope did to ya  
Coming up, I looked up to being just like you  
Same crease in my khakis tried to dress like you  
You getting swole lifting weights, stocking caps with waves  
I'm trying to see the world how you see it, wearing you shades  
You and pops never really got along, who was right or wrong  
15 years old kicked out all alone in this cold world  
And I can only imagine what you was going through  
Cause I was so young when it happened  
Mama cried like a baby that day  
She never blamed you, it was painful  
Cause she knew the streets was waiting to claim you  
Over time, we could see the hardness in your face  
Wanted to help, but couldn't find the words to say  
I guess I went into denial hoping for the very best  
Stopped believing in they God cause what God would allow this?  
Not in my wildest nightmares, nothing compares  
To see my brother be a crack fiend for all these years  
Tried to send you inspiration when you was locked in the pen  
But soon as you came home you right back on that shit again  
And mama say she don't feel safe with you home  
She got to hide money and lock her room door when she gone  
We still love you but until you find strength in yourself  
And the will power to open up and accept our help  
What can we do? I can't let you terrorize mom dukes  
We feeling like we just gone have to turn you loose  
They say in war there's no victory without causalities  
But when it hits your family that's when you really see

Like a window to my soul, you can see the pain in my life  
Got to make a change in my life (it's a struggle every day)  
And it's not impossible to make a change in my life (gotta keep pushing forward)  
I can make a change in my life, I know (ain't no other way)

I know it's hard coming home to the same old shit  
Ain't nothing changed cause the game don't quit  
The pain inside is still throbbing  
The same conditions that first created the drug problems still exist  
And it's a bitch, got to go to the job or starve

Without a gun every day employees get robbed  
And on days off, we blow off them crumbs like nothing  
Getting high cause a nigga gotta get into something  
But we get trapped in a cycle of pain and addiction  
And lose the motivation to change the condition  
I blame it on the system but the problem is ours  
It's not a question of religion; it's a question of power  
How did black life, my life, end up so hard?  
Why do so much injustice go unresolved?  
Why the ones we call governments be the main causes  
Behind why all the dope is coming through the borders  
Television reporters got the facts distorted  
Making scapegoats of every black youth on the corner  
It's a war even though they don't call it a war  
It's chemical war unleashed on the black and the poor  
And who benefit? the police, lawyers, and judges  
The private owned prison industry with federal budgets  
All them products in the commissary  
Tell me who profits, it's obvious and it's going too good for them to stop it

In my mind, my body, and my soul, I need a change in my life  
We need a change in our lives, you know  
And it's not impossible to make a change in our lives  
We can take the pain from our lives, fa sho

We don't own no boats  
We don't own no planes to bring no dope  
We don't make no cellophane (bags to bag it up)  
We just caught up in the game  
Don't you know

Don't you know it's bigger than this shit  
I know you know. I know what's in your heart dawg  
I love you til the end of time. And again and again  
I'mma be your brother, your comrade, and your friend  
Til we win and even then

# Dead Prez Lyrics

"Last Days Reloaded"

(feat. Onyx & Sticky Fingaz)

South suicide Queens  
Brooklyn  
All my soldiers gather up all your arms  
Let's go to war niggas  
Onyx, Dead Prez

[Fredro Starr:]  
This is America's nightmare  
Red, black, green and don't give a fuck  
Just wanna get free and live it up  
Fuck a 9 to 5, and labels trying to slave us  
Busting 12 gauges, breaking your minds out the cages  
Crips and bloods banging in New York, that's outrageous  
Protesting is hopeless  
We putting lasers and scopes on the toasters  
Shooting at the police in the streets is the focus  
Roll with the rush, it's that official nas  
Got soldiers with pistols that blast  
We living in the last  
My theory is fuck it until the system ain't corrupted  
To the public I'm conducted through ghetto clips and armor metal  
Busting at the feds or Berettas, we never settle  
Til the Rockefeller laws get better  
We all trapped in the hood fucking all together  
It's war forever  
So guns up, if the cops run up on ya  
Hold down your corner, and cock a four pound on em

[M1:]  
Multiple shots, heard on the block  
And my niggas is popping the cops  
All up in the hood, it's hot  
Living life with my back against the wall, it's over  
Open and sober, holding pistolas and repping my culture  
Get it or die trying, us against them, freedom or death  
This how we on it when it ain't nothing left  
Ain't getting locked up no more, ain't buying your raw  
Rocking it up, coming for mine, cocking it up  
This is the last day, hour, minute and second  
So I'm screaming "fuck they law," and carry my weapon  
Warrior code, shoot and reload, and we taking back what we are owed  
We dividing it with my soldiers  
You dare to struggle, you dare to win  
To the OGs and the veterans, spreading that ghetto medicine  
This is my last day, on my word and my balls  
When the people army rise, then the system will fall

These the last dayz (get yours!) [x4]

[stic.man:]

Just talking bout takin my own life, into my own hands  
RBG, refine, be a grown man  
See that's what I'm doing, cause I know it's inside of me  
All I gotta do is just bring it to reality, it's  
Fuck the government, but still I gotta pay the rent  
So yeah, I'm for the caper most definite  
Keeping it militant, focused, intelligent  
Pimping the system is basic common sense  
It's still fuck the pig, black power ain't dead  
All that red, white, and blue shit be going to y'all head, see  
We break bread, it's like a game or a sport  
Gotta train everyday to keep your team on point  
Cause still to this day our reparations ain't paid  
And you can see it in the poverty around the way  
It ain't even our own people on BET  
So they gotta get it from somebody, it might as well be me  
Besides, a nigga gotta eat when he hungry  
You see how they sent troops to war for they country  
Niggas worldwide need an army of one  
This revolution to the fullest, put the bullets in the gun nigga

These the last dayz (get yours!) [x8]

[Sticky Fingaz:]

Ayo these niggas in the streets ain't ready for no revolution  
But neither am I, I'm at the club getting stupid  
I ain't got no time to think about who's really oppressing me  
I'm too ready to smash the first nigga stressing me  
Far as I'm concerned they got us trained so well  
Look like we doing a good job of killing ourselves  
It don't take heart to pull a trigger, so I'm glad that I'm heartless  
Killing easy, living with it was the hard shit  
I done broke every rule in the Good Book  
Trust me, I memorized The Anarchist's Cookbook  
This nigga here ain't as dumb as you think  
I could make a bomb with the shit that's under your sink  
My name is a number, they trying violate my probation  
Fuck it!  
Throw me in jail, I need a vacation  
Our future is fucked, it don't do no use to pray  
My views is the same views of the youth today  
The last dayz nigga

These the last dayz (get yours!)

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Out In The World"

Now there's two things that's the same  
In every hood, in every ghetto across the world  
And that's struggle, and that's dreams

In my hood, Southside Tallahassee, FL  
I had both of those, still got both of those  
I'ma let you in on somethin' real quick

Let's take it back to the early '90s  
Taleho, Florida is where you'll find me  
'78 Omega automobile I'm driving  
Bass bamblin' with the wind behind me

Hitch from the attic is the name of the crew  
'Coz road shows and hoes that's all we do  
And all three G's believe me, we got that hot shit  
To the point that nigga 'bout to quit on college

Parents upset cause I shat on school  
Beat spot got hot so I'm playin' it cool  
Crew movin' to New York, I'm 22 years old  
My girl's stayin' cause she's scared of the cold

Out in the world (Where you tryin' to make it at)  
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)  
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)  
Out in the world (And every time get set back)

Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)  
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)  
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)  
Out in the world (Let us move on)

Now I'm in the Brook in Decater  
Whole different look, different sound and flavor  
Washin' dishes at the Hotel Four Seasons  
15 an hour, don't plan on leavin'

Homesick, skippin' work every weekend  
Went down, found out my girl was cheatin'  
Heart broke, tired, started freakin'  
Year later terminated for no reason

Got a new girl as the leaves turn brown  
Seein' me stressed said she would hold me down  
Had to move to the Bronx where the crooks be juxin'  
Sold my first track, moved back to Brooklyn

Music 101, the whole game is dirty  
Got me 25, feelin' all of 30  
Went from a lover to straight up hustler  
Stressed a lot, developed clusters

Out in the world(Where you tryin' to make it at)  
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)  
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)  
Out in the world (And every time get set back)  
Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)  
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)  
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)  
Out in the world (Let us move on)

2 G, Y2K bug is gone  
Put my gas mask back 'coz them lights is on  
Dead Prez in the stores and the streets is groovin'  
Hi, I'm still broke and my beats is movin'

Gotta grind harder 'coz my bills is major  
Got a cell phone, had to dead the pager  
Can't blame the game 'coz the game don't feed you  
Can't blame the world 'coz the world don't need you

Seem like every excuse I use is see-through  
Help myself first, then help my people  
'Coz folks sells hope, runnin' scams to burn me  
Wash me, comb me, relax and perm me

Gotta get control and stop this car from swerving  
Now I'm kinda cold, only the doe concerns me  
Try to spend less than the amount I'm earnin'  
Lessons everyday I'm learnin'

Out in the world (Where you tryin' to make it at)  
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)  
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)  
Out in the world (And every time get set back)  
Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)  
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)  
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)  
Out in the world (Let us move on)



dead  
=====  
 prez



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Walk Like A Warrior"

(feat. Krayzie Bone)

*[Hook]*

Walk Like a Warrior  
Walk Like a Warrior  
Walk Like a Warrior  
Walk Like a Warrior  
Walk Like a Warrior

*[M1]*

I was trained to defend myself for my brain and my mental health  
The white man got the wealth he held back  
We're living in hell black and niggaz can sell crack  
But that ain't gonna change this thang  
If you gonna bang, then bang for change, don't bang for crazy thangs  
If not don't bang  
If ya gonna ball play the game how it should be played  
Can you dribble a grenade?  
To save your life you payed the price, mama raised you right  
Now how you aint gonna fight?  
For the white man's laws hell naw  
For the cause, because we got to get what's ours  
Gotta struggle for the motherfucking power  
Cuz we're livin in the last few hours  
It's 11:59, I think it's bout time  
We get on the grind, and get out the carbine  
With freedom of mind we can see what we can find  
If you can spot 'em, pop pop pop the po-9  
This is only a rhyme so now don't get scared  
Listen to the message in the word  
Don't let your sight get blurred, you heard this righteous words  
You might prefer it from a car mic  
Timeout, I didn't say bug out, ball out, bling out  
All ya'll sell-outs get the hell out  
This year it's RBG so bang on out  
Uh, we people army nigga bang on out

*[Hook]*

*[Stic]*

Yo, Yo, what you know bout heart?  
Can't be the weak link in the squad  
Gotta look way deep in your heart  
Anything in the way gotta go straight through  
Take charge  
Can't hide from your flaws when you ride for the cause  
Cuz a nigga will pull your card  
Keep your guard up 24/7 on the street like you're doin hard time on the yard  
What you know about heart?

Can you assemble your heat in the dark  
Take it apart, and clean all the parts?  
Life is a journey, a course, like learning a martial art  
You can't have partial heart  
Gotta get your own, if you drop the bone, dog, we all fall  
It ain't over til the problem solved  
Get your back up off the wall

My niggaz is riders, we fighters, we tight as a fist  
RBG's up in this bitch, so bang on out  
If your khakis is saggin, you reppin your rag and you holdin the magnum  
Use it for freedom nigga, bang on out  
All my dirtiest dirty's, revolutionaries and visionaries  
Don't be no scaredy nigga, bang on out  
It's a war goin on in the streets, we hollerin fuck the police  
Ain't bout no peace, nigga, bang on out

*[Krayzie Bone]*

Me so you see fifty niggaz in all black fatigues  
My regime runnin down your street  
At the end of the block, we got the god damn cops  
And they hope we sink, tell me what you see  
I see (bang) buildings burning, motherfuckers trippin for a goddamn purpose  
The police is nervous, cuz we done observed 'em  
Now niggaz is thinking about murder  
We ain't talking, no more, and we ain't squashin shit with po-po  
And we ain't marchin in the middle of the goddamn road  
Cuz Martin got smoked  
Niggaz ready for war, so get the fuck up, we fixin to set the city to fire  
This time when we ride we burnin it down, turn this shit 'round  
Keep your justice, your peace  
And keep blessin the heat, and that there crooked officer  
We won't stop blazin til they coughin up blood  
Wanna slang my baseball cap to the back and get busy, nigga  
You say you a soldier, well get over here nigga we under attack  
As soon as they done, they get gone  
Muder mo come, come, they done, me red rum, me red rum, they done  
And when we put 'em in they grave  
We toss in a donut, and tell 'em we don't surrender, surrender, naw

*[Hook]*

I ain't talkin bout no hustla  
I ain't talkin bout no gangsta  
I'm hollerin at them soldiers  
Revolutionary culture  
Bang on out

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "I Have A Dream, Too"

"There was an incident where a police had shot a black man in the back  
and then went and plant a gun next to him and say that the guy draw a  
gun on him which they find out after the investigation that the guy  
didn't have no gun - The police had shot him in cold blood."

Wake up nigga!  
Wake up nigga!  
Wake up wake up wake up!

Backseat of the 'lac, big gat in my lap  
Ready for combat, feelin like Geronimo Pratt  
We had the windows cracked, headed up the strip  
Black rag in my hand, don't want no prints on the clip  
Hollow tips cuz we thugs with this shit my nigga  
This aint no game, we bang for yo hood my nigga  
I take a left at the light, turn off the headlights and ride real slow  
Now holla at me when you see the 5-0  
Alrite Dirty, yall boys ready?  
Bout to turn drive-bys revolutionary  
(POW POW POW POW POW) YEAH MUTHAFUCKA YEAH!  
(POW POW POW POW POW) YEAH MUTHAFUCKA YEAH!  
Look at 'em run, too scared to pull they guns  
Outta shape from them coffees and them cinnamon buns  
This shit is fun, how I feel when the tables is turned  
Hollow tips hit yah flesh through yo vests and it burn  
That's a lesson you learn, comin strait from the slums  
And it don't stop till we get full freedom!

DIE DIE DIE!

Just when you thought it was safe  
Police kill a little boy last night  
They said it was a mistake  
But that won't bring back his life  
His momma couldn't believe  
That it could happen to her  
She prayed to God everyday  
Guess it just wasn't enough

And this is a revolutionary salute, nah mean to the comrades, word, cuz this  
is real shit, this aint just stories you nahmsayin? People like Twyla Meyers  
Crazy [?], Kunta Hari, Rushell McGee, Jalil Mutakeem, Hugo Yogipinell  
Herman Bell, [?] Shakur, Asana Shakur, Nahanda Abiodum, Russel Maroon  
Shokes, George Jackson, Tariq Haskins, Mutulu Shakur, Lenin [?], Jonathan  
Jackson, Shanta [?], Bunji Carter, Albert Washington, [?] Uhuru, Eddie Conway, [?]  
[?], The Black Liberation Army, Tupac Amaru Freedom Fighters, The Mau Mau, The  
Zapatistas, Black and Brown Power

yeah  
long live all souljas  
UHURU!

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "D.O.W.N."

RBGs, RBGs, Nigga it's dat RBGs  
RBGs, RBGs, Nigga it's dat RBGs

Tell me are you down? when it's goin down  
You got to hold it down, don't talk it hold it down  
Tell me are you down? when it's goin down  
You got to hold it down, when it's goin down

Have you ever had a lesson from a OG?  
From a nigga that's been in the war  
Been locked up longer than I been on the earth  
And his crime is defendin the poor  
And they can tell you bout death, tell you bout life  
But most of all they tell you bout sacrifice  
And they can tell if a woman aint with you when you down  
cuz she never really could be your wife  
What it mean to be D-O-W-N?  
Is ya homies still down when it's trouble you in?  
You wanna have a good time make it hot when the pigs come down on the block  
Would they fuck wit you then?  
Now you wanna get high wit me, organize wit me  
Start a clothes drive then maybe we can start a fire  
Where my RBGs? My guerillas wit a G-U-E  
Don't got a I-Ching homey get free

Who number 1 when we ride? We follow the plan  
and there's a role for every man  
With a chain of command even when the shit hit the fan  
Anything get outta hand we still stand  
To me bein down mean more than bein friends, or kin  
We comrades we struggle, through any trouble  
Sacrifice my life in combat for ya  
So you know I gotta love ya I'm down for my brothas  
And sistas, fuck the system, bust ya pistols, nigga I'm with ya  
Just put a rag on ya face when you ride  
You don't want them satellites to take ya picture  
We gotta have a lot of discipline and it comes from within  
It's not somethin you pretend, homey  
A lot of niggas be talkin that shit when it really goes down it be gone with  
the wind, homey  
Can't be no tower [?], gotta get this power by any means  
Gotta know yaself and ya enemy when you puttin it down for ya family  
Can't tell by no tattoo, can't tell by no handshake  
It's scarred in the heart [?], bein down is an attitude  
Doin what you gotta do, for the crew's sake  
My definition of a soulja, Revolutionary, Military Minded,  
And ready for whatever

Nigga hope for the best and prepare for the worst  
Stay aware be alert bomb first, don't tell me

Tell me are you down? when it's goin down  
You got to hold it down, don't talk it hold it down  
Homey tell me are you down? when it's goin down  
You got to hold it down, don't talk it hold it down  
Homey tell me are you down?

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Hell Yeah (Pimp The System)"

Holton Street  
Dean Street (click clack)  
President (uh huh)  
Nostril out (DP's)  
Orange AI (RPG's)  
Tee Town (Who wanna ride?)  
Brooklyn  
Come on, Come on

Sittin' in the living room on the floor  
All the pain got me on some migraine shit  
But I'm gonna maintain  
Nigga got 2 or 3 dollars to my name  
And my homies in the same boat going through the same thing  
Ready for a cake  
Better plot for the paper  
We been living in the dark since April  
On the candle  
Gotta get a handle  
My homie got a 25 automatic added to the camper  
Nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page  
Lemme tell you how we fend to get paid  
We gonna order pizza and when we see the driver  
We gonna stick the 25 up in his face  
Let's ride, stepping outside like warriors  
Head to the notorious Southside  
One weapon to the four of us  
Hiding in the corridor until we see the dominos car headlights  
White boy in the wrong place at the right time  
Soon as the car door open up he mine  
We roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose  
By the look on his face he probably shitted in his clothes  
You know what this is  
It's a stick up  
Gimme the do' from your pickups  
You ran into the wrong niggaz  
We running down the block hot with these pizza boxes  
So we split up and met back at the apartment

Hell yeah (yo ain't you hungry my nigga?)  
Hell yeah (you wanna get paid my nigga?)  
Hell yeah (ain't you tired of starving my nigga?)  
Hell yeah (well let's ride then)  
Hell yeah, Hell yeah

I know a way we can get paid you can get down but you can't be afraid  
Let's go to the DMV

And get a ID  
The name says you but the fates is me  
Now it's your turn take my paper work  
Like 1, 2, 3 let's make it work  
Then, fill out the credit card application  
And it's gonna be bout 3 weeks a waiting  
For American Express  
It's cause we card  
Platinum visa, master card  
Cause we was spooked as shit like we's was targets  
Now we just walk right up and say charge it  
To the game we rocking brand names  
Goin on out the park store chains  
We even got the boys in the crew a few things  
Po Po never know who to true blame  
Sto' after Sto' you know we kept rolling  
Wait two weeks report the car stolen  
Repeat this like a like a laundry mat  
Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catch  
Coming out the mall with the shopping bags  
We can take it right back then get the cash  
Yea, get a friend and then do it again  
Damn right that's how we paid the rent

Hell yeah  
Time to get this paper  
I'm down for the caper  
Please steady on  
It's a deadly struggle  
We all gotta hustle  
This is the way we survive  
*[Repeat]*

I know a caper  
We can get some government paper  
You know food stamps can we really do that  
Hell yea, right there for the taking  
Fuck welfare we say reparations  
And, uh, you know the grind  
Get up early get in the line and just wait  
Everybody on break that's part of the game  
And when they call your name  
Ms. Case Worker let my state my claim  
I'm homeless, jobless, times is hard, I'm 'bout hopeless  
But I gotta eat regardless  
No family to run to I'm 22  
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do  
My sad story made her feel close to me  
I made her feel like it was an emergency  
When I came to the crib niggaz couldn't believe  
I came back with a big bag of groceries (hell yeah)

Every job I ever had I had to get on the first day

I find out how to pimp on the system

Two steps ahead of the manager

Getting over on the regular tax free money out of the register

And when I'm working late nights stockin' boxes I'm creepin' their merchandise

And don't put me on dishes I'm dropping them bitches

And taking all day long to mop the kitchen shit

We ain't getting paid commission, minimum wage, modern day slave conditions

Got me flippin' burgers with no power

Can't even buy one off what I make in an hour

I'm not the one to kiss ass for the top position

I take mine off the top like a politician

Where I'm from doing dirt is a part of living

I got mouths to feed I gots to get it

Hell yeah (you down to roll my nigga?)

Hell yeah (you ready to get your hands dirty my nigga?)

Hell yeah (your woman need money and things my nigga?)

Hell yeah (well let's ride then)

Hell yeah

If you claiming gangsta

Then bang on the system

And show that you ready to ride

Till we get our freedom

We got to get over

We steady on the grind

*[Repeat]*

# Dead Prez Lyrics

"W-4"

*[intro sample vocals from "American Pimp"]*

So much shit goes on it makes me doubt about a God -- you know, makes me ask  
well if there is a God then why am I in the situation that I'm in?  
Or why is my family going through certain situations  
when I don't think that they deserve it nah mean?  
Or why do good people suffer so much and bad people prosper so much?

*[sample fades out as instrumental comes in]*

*[lighter sparkling]*

Yo

Goin out...we light this J up right here...for all the hard working folk  
cross this country, cross the world  
For everybody on the grind everyday 9 to 5, 8 to 12 -- you know how we do it  
Hand to hand, whateva...  
Yo, yo..

*[Chorus - singing]*

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show  
I ain't tellin' you nothing you don't already know  
I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show  
Like this world just don't want us to groooow

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show  
I ain't tellin' you nothing you don't already know  
I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show  
Wanna run up in tha white house and kick in tha do' ohhhh

*[Verse 1]*

What a nigga gonna eat when the refrigerator empty?  
Work all week let the bossman pimp me?  
Can't pay no rent till the 15th  
Landlord call the police to evict me  
Lookin for a job in the want ads  
Have you ever been to jail? Know they gone ask  
Ever took a piss test that you didn't pass?  
In between jobs in the past? How you get cash?  
I done worked over hot ass stoves  
I done picked up trash off roads  
Winter time in the streets and the cold  
Many times had to sleep in my clothes on the flo'  
What you know bout bein' po' seein' most of yo kinfolk be on dope?  
Ain't nobody in the hood got no hope in this fucked up system and that's why we don't vote  
Still payin niggaz 4.25 - How the fuck we supposed to survive?  
I'm close to the edge, government takin most of my bread  
in taxes might as well have this close to my head

Make a nigga wanna wild out  
runup in the white house with the gauge out, CLICK CLACK!  
GIMME MY SHIT BACK BEEYOTCH!

*[Chorus]*

Puttin' on my uniform, just a number on a W-4 form..

*[Verse 2]*

See where I'm from it's a few ways out  
either rappin or sports either dope or the casket  
You can work to the bone but don't put all yo eggs in one basket  
We don't never get a piece of the pie  
Work 50 years, retire then die  
Stay po', rich folks is the criminal  
but you don't wanna hear me tho' so  
thank God it's friday, ain't it what we live fo'?  
Nigga gotta get up out the plantation  
Same job that my pop had before me  
Imma pass it down to my seed fucked up situation  
Make a nigga wanna wild out  
runup in the white house with the gauge out, CLICK CLACK!  
GIMME MY SHIT BACK BEEYOTCH!

*[Chorus]*

My J-O-Beeee  
is just like a plantation  
they owe meeee  
but got me fillin' out this application

My J-O-Beeee  
is just like a plantation  
they owe meeee  
and got me fillin' out this application

*[song fades]*

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Radio Freq"

Crank up yo speakas

To all my niggaz  
Every hustlin nigga  
Strugglin niggaz  
Revolutionary niggaz  
Gangbangin niggaz  
Chain gangin niggaz  
To ya freaky sick

I refuse to be a stereotype in your box  
Never want to try to be somethin I'm not  
I'm just a nigga from the block, if you got it twist it  
Stay blowin on green, if you got it twist it on up  
DP's givin a fuck  
RBG'd up in some gangsta chucks  
Throw yo fist up homie if you know what's up  
All my comrades puttin in soldier work  
We rollin dirty wit it  
Fully dedicated  
So real that the radio will never play it  
But that's cool, the enemies supposed to hate it  
Freedom ain't gonna come till we regulate it  
That's why I'm in the dojo, not just for the video  
Really do, we really got beef with the popo  
Never know when they gonna put you in a choke hold  
This is for you new niggaz holdin for the radio

*[Chorus:]*

Turn off the radio  
Turn off that bull shit  
*[repeat x3]*

*[telephone rings]*

People's Radio  
Yo hang up, that's police

What's on the radio? Propaganda, mind control  
And turnin it on is like puttin on a blind fold  
Cause when you bringin it real you don't get rotation  
Unless you take over the station  
And yeah I know it's part of they plans  
To make us think it's all about party and dance  
And yo it might sound good when yo spittin you rap  
But in reality don't nobody live like that  
You wanna know what kinda nigga I am  
let me tell you bit the nigga I'm not

I don't fuck with the cops  
Platinum don't me that it gotta be hot  
I ain't gotta love it even if they play it a lot  
You can hear it when you walk the streets  
How many people they reach  
How they use music to teach  
A radio program ain't a figure of speech  
Don't sleep, cause you could be a radio freq

*[Chorus]*

*[telephone rings]*  
People's Radio  
I gotta fat chain, I gotta fat whip, I gotta -  
Nigga get off that bull shit!!!

Crank up yo speakers  
Yo woofas and yo tweeters  
Turn up yo recievers  
We bangin off the meter

Crank up yo speakers  
Yo woofas and yo tweeters  
Turn up yo recievers  
We bangin fo the people  
*[repeat]*

Freak freak y'all, to the beat y'all  
DP's dog, we gotta eat dog  
People's Radio, on the stereo  
For the ghettos and the barrios  
*[repeat]*

Crank up yo speakers  
Yo woofas and yo tweeters  
Turn up yo recievers  
We bangin off the meter

Crank up yo speakers  
Yo woofas and yo tweeters  
Turn up yo recievers  
We bangin fo the people

Y'all gonna get black-balled  
Nigga what? Nigga get these black balls . . . in yo mouf

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Fucked Up"

### [Verse 1]

How do it feel to be high without drugs?  
Some say it's the feelin of love for yourself  
I can't call it, I just threw up in the toilet  
And all my life I said I wasnt gonna be no alcholic  
I'm flailin son, tryin to stay sober  
but the alchohol be callin son like a ghost  
So let's make a toast to my liver and my kidneys  
Pour out a little Henny here's to gout in your twenties  
Not many niggaz make it to 30 we ride dirty  
Breath stinkin, already drinkin, bright an' early  
Out an earl na smirnoff, gin and 8 ball  
Passed out on the bathroom floor with my clothes off  
Remember them knickies? tall can't fit in they dickies?  
Before they put them cameras up in the corna store  
We used to be so much fun when we was young  
Tryin to holler at somethin smellin like 151  
Gettin thrown out the club all buzzed I'm bout to get the gun, dawg  
But I ain't even know where I was  
My nigga emae had to carry me home a many day  
It was Heineken, dreks, engays, and eng  
They say alcoholism is in my DNA  
cause my pops liked to get fucked up the same way  
They say alcoholism is in my DNA  
cause my pops liked to get fucked up the same way

### [Verse 2]

I got so fucked up last night I passed out  
assed out man I couldnt even get to the house  
and I know I shouldnt been drinkin on an empty stomach  
but the fiest said open bar I said fuck it  
went from vodka to rum, from rum to cogniac  
and my body feel like ive been fightin in combat  
and ive been coughin up yellow shit breakin a sweat  
i've been shakin like a leaf but thats just what I get  
for pourin my own poison and throwin it back  
and its not enough to just know better you gotta act  
I know I said that the last time  
but I was havin such a good time

# Dead Prez Lyrics

"50 In The Clip"

(feat. Wu Hylton)

Check this out!

Alright it's going down like this right here  
You push you pay, nahmsayin, everything counts, the trips you pay double  
Keep your back straight and count them out loud

C'mon C'mon

50 in the Clip, get big; get big  
50 in the Clip, get big; get big  
50 in the Clip, get big; get big

On the palms, on the fingertips, on the wrists, on the fists

50 in the Clip, get big; get big  
50 in the Clip, get big; get big  
50 in the Clip, get rip; get big

On the palms, on the fingertips, on the wood, on the brick

[Verse 1]

Jump and roll doing kicks, basic drills with the sticks  
50 push-ups in the clip, on the fists on the brick  
Getting swell on the block, lifting weights at the gym  
Take the kids to the park do some techniques with them  
Throw that hook, work that cross, stick and move, tap that jaw  
Tiger claw, Lion paw, Iron palm can't be soft  
Life is hard on the block, put your heart on the spot  
You gon' ride or you're not, bomb first get the drop

[Talking]

Pay me, that's head crack boy  
That fever ain't got nuthin on that  
And stay away from the corners  
Tracing burners, you heard me

[Verse 2]

Getting big wit the clique, keep it tight like a fist  
Everybody hit the deck nigga four, five, six  
Add it up, hit the block, no shirt, tatted up  
Skinny niggaz getting cut, since it's two get them knees up  
Ain't no girl push-ups, RBG's fifty-fifty  
Let me see what you got  
Nigga don't just watch me, do 'em with me  
You can do it, you look rev'd from your gut not your chest  
Push 'em out, make them count go all out, count them out nigga

[Talking]

4,5,6 look at that boy, go together just like Red, Black and Green boy

You looking at Fred, Huey and George right there  
Word up, time to pay up, put your muscle where your mouth is  
Get big, count them out

50,49,48,47 Get big  
46,45,44,43 Get big  
42,41,40,39 Push 'em out  
38 Get big  
37 Get big  
36 Get big  
35 Get big  
34,33,32,31 Get big  
30,29,28,27 Get big  
26,25,24,23 Push 'em out  
22 Get big  
21 Get big  
20 Get big  
19 Get big  
18,17,16,15 Get big  
14,13,12,11 Get big  
10,9,8,7 Push 'em out  
6 Get big  
5 Get big  
4 Get big  
3 Get big....2.....1

All day it's in the mind

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Way Of Life"

*[guitar plays and birds in the background]*

### *[Verse 1]*

What you know about the running, the stretching  
The cars, the weapons  
The path, the journey  
The jewels, the learning  
The fear, the focus  
The aches, the pains  
The contact sparrin', the breaks, the sprains  
The trial and error, the ranks, and belts  
The spiritual growth, the science of breath  
The tests, the techniques  
The forms, the stances  
The flow, the rhythm, the internal answers  
The herbs, the healing, the quiet meditation  
The truths reveal through daily dedication  
The love for the art, the sweat on your shirt  
The mind, the body, and the spirit that work  
The feelings of failure, the hope to succeed  
The battles of questions like "Should I smoke weed?"

### *[Verse 2]*

The water, the thirst  
The cleansing, the blessings  
The flash of insights, the teachings, the lessons  
The grappling and locking, trapping and boxing  
The training and slacking  
The starting and stopping  
And stayin' committed, when your homies ain't with it  
The hours or practice after the class is finished  
The cause of your ignorance, flaws in your discipline  
Broken laws of nutrition, and pork and dishin'  
The vitamins and supplements  
Salads and ointments  
  
The kingships, pull joints in doctor appointments  
The dues, the pads, the wraps, the gloves  
The mouthpiece you left home, the taste of your own blood  
The hunger, the blocks  
The punches, the squats  
The crunches, the example you set for the youngsters  
The will, the skills, the kill or the hill  
The separation between what's fake and what's real  
The laws of physics, The class "comradery"  
The vows of humility, the bow, the courtesy.

*[guitar plays]*

*[Sample]*

Self defense doesn't mean you run and attack someone  
But you do have the right to defend yourself by any means necessary  
If you in that position to defend yourself (Ha!)

# **Dead Prez Lyrics**

## **"Don't Forget Where U Goin'"**

For my dogs in the pen, my niggaz hold your head  
For my dirties on the block, come up any way you can  
For my homies in the street game, trying to get ahead  
For homeless people sleepin' on the sidewalks for beds

To the babies, born already on dope  
Straight to his veins from the Coast Guard boat

Baby daddies and if you late you can't participate  
Baby mommas, I know what you going through  
So sorry to disappoint you

Ghetto children you're the spark, you're the energy, you're the heart  
To the granma's, you're the glue 'cause you know things fall apart

To the PP's, the POW's, MIA's  
To to AR's, to the HK's, to the M1's, to the AK's

To the comrades on the grind  
Let me see who comes to mind

To my clic, to stic  
Oh yeah I can't forget  
What up Tahim? What up Abu?  
What up Common? What up Badu?  
Jermaine, Dem, and Dee-Don  
We 'bout to get our freak on  
That's F R double E on  
In case you didn't hear me, hear me, hear me

Oh oh oh, oh oh

# Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hell Yeah (Pimp The System) (Remix)"  
(feat. Jay-Z)

[Jay-Z]

We together on the same track now, baby!  
Whatchu gon call us now?!

[Intro]

Holton Street, Dean Street (click clack)  
Prezident (uh huh) nostril out (DP's) (Marcy)  
Orange Al (RBGs) T-Town (Who wanna ride?)  
Brooklyn, Come on, Come on

[Verse: stic.man]

Sittin' in the living room on the floor  
Hunger pain got me on some migraine shit  
But I'm a maintain  
Nigga got 2 or 3 dollars to my name  
And my homies in the same boat going through the same thing  
Ready for our cake, steady plottin for the paper  
We been living in the dark since April  
On the candle, gotta get a handle  
My homie got a 25 automatic added to the gamble  
Nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page  
Lemme tell you how we fend to get paid  
We gonna order pizza and when we see the driver  
We gonna stick the 25 up in his face  
Lets ride, stepping outside like warriors  
Head to the notorious Southside  
One weapon to the four of us  
Hiding in the corridor until we see the Dominos car headlights  
White boy in the wrong place at the right time  
Soon as the car door open up he mine  
We roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose  
By the look on his face he probably shitted in his clothes  
You know what this is, it's a stic up  
Gimme the do' from your pickups  
You ran into the wrong niggaz  
We running down the block hot with these pizza boxes  
So we split up and met back at the apartment

[Chorus]

Hell yeah (yo ain't you hungry my nigga?)  
Hell yeah (you wanna get paid my nigga?)  
Hell yeah (ain't you tired of starving my nigga?)  
Hell yeah (well lets ride then)  
Hell yeah, Hell yeah

[Verse: M-1]

I know a way we can get paid  
You can get down but you can't be afraid  
    Let's go to the DMV, and get a ID  
    The name says you but the face is me  
    Now it's your turn take my paper work  
        Like 1, 2, 3 lets make it work  
    Then, fill out the credit card application  
    And it's gonna be bout 3 weeks of waiting  
        For American Express, Discovery Card  
        Platinum Visa, Master Card

Cause, when you was spooked as shit then we was targets  
    Now we just walk right up and say charge it  
        To the game we rocking brand names  
        Well known at Department Store chains  
        Even got the boys in the crew a few things  
            Po Po never know who to true blame  
            Store after store you know we kept rolling  
                Wait two weeks report the car stolen  
                Repeat this cycle like a like a laundry mat  
                Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catch  
                Coming out the mall with the shopping bags  
                We can take it right back then get the cash  
                Yeah, get a friend and then do it again  
    Damn right that's how we paid the rent (hell yeah)

*[Bridge x2]*

Got to get this paper  
I'm down for the caper, we steady on the grind  
    It's a daily struggle, we all gotta hustle  
        This is the way we survive

*[Verse - Jay-Z]*

As long as there's - drugs to be sold  
I ain't waiting for the system to plug up these holes  
    I ain't slipping through the cracks  
So I'm at Portland, Oregon tryin to slip you these raps  
        The first black in the suburbs  
        You'd think I had extasy, percocet, and plus syrup  
The way the cops converged, they fucked up my swerve  
        The first young buck that I served  
        I thought back to the block  
I never seen a cop when I was out there  
        They never came out there  
        And out there, I was slinging crack to live  
        I'm only slinging raps to your kids  
I'm only trying to show you how black niggaz live  
But you don't want your little ones acting like this  
    Lil Amy told Becky, Becky told Jenny  
        And now they all know the skinny  
        Lil Joey got his durag on  
Driving down the street blasting Tupac's song (Thug Life baby!)  
    But Billy like Sue, got his blue rag on  
        Now before you know it, you backing em

Now the police, got me in the middle of the street

Trying to beat me blue, black and orange

I'm like hold up, who you smacking on?

I'm only trying to eat what you snacking on

*[Chorus: Jay-Z]*

Hell yeah (y'all don't like that do you?)

Hell yeah (you fucked up the hood nigga right back to you)

Hell yeah (you know we tired of starving my nigga)

Hell yeah (let's ride) hell yeahhh (let's ride)

*[Bridge x2 w/ Jay-Z ad-libs]*

If you claiming gangsta

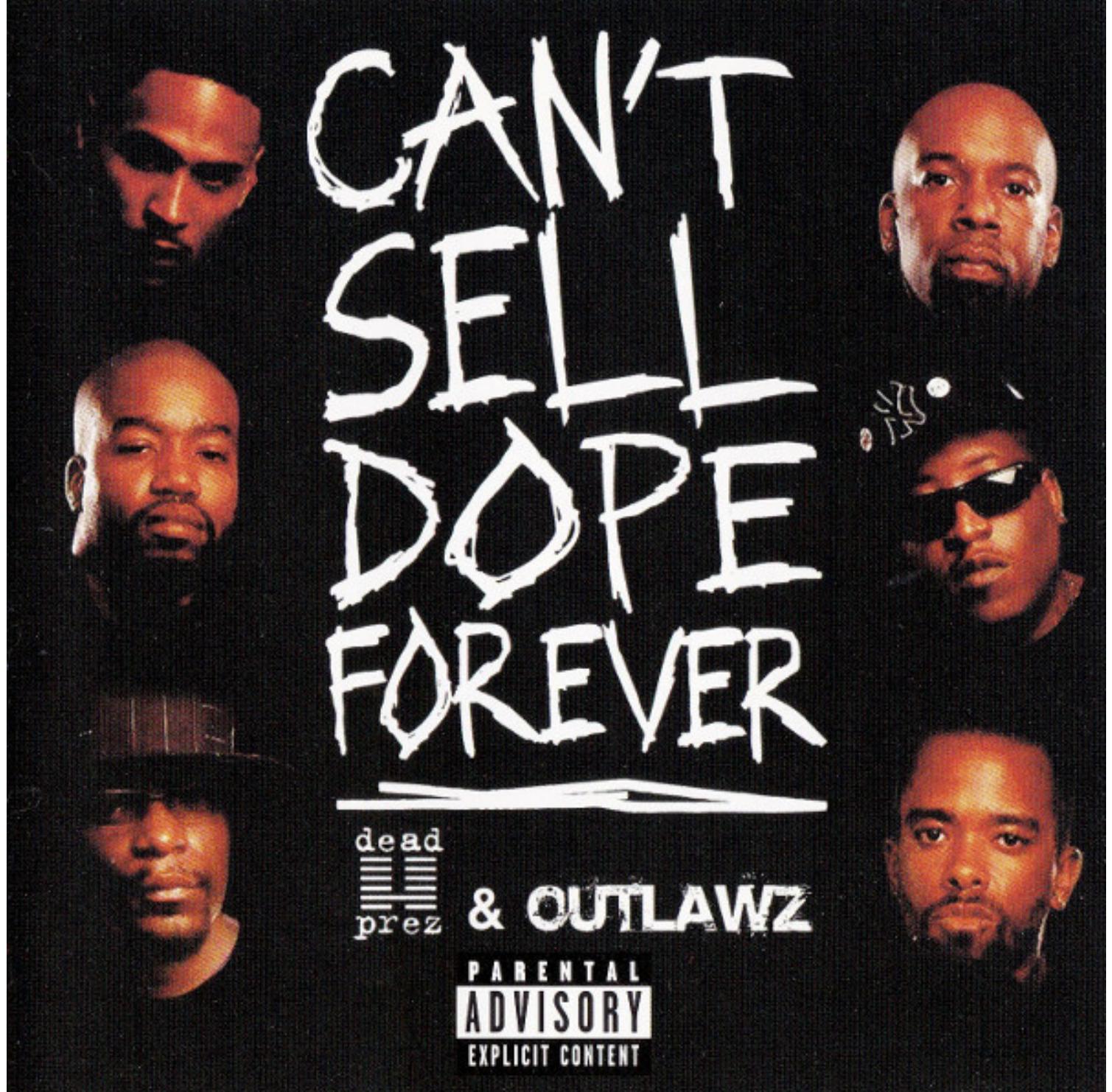
Then bang on the system

And show that you ready to ride

Till we get our freedom

We got to get over

We steady on the grind



# CAN'T SELL DOPE FOREVER

dead  
 prez

& OUTLAWZ

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Can't Sell Dope Forever"

*[Chorus: Young Noble]*

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva  
    You can't sell coke foreva  
    You can't sell smoke foreva  
    Baby, you can't sell ex foreva  
    You can't sell sex foreva  
    We gotta get ourselves togetha

*[Young Noble]*

It ain't too many dope dealers retiring  
It ain't too many old prostitutes vacationing on the islands  
    Instead of knock 'em down, my focus is to inspire 'em  
Stop worshiping money and worship something higher up  
    Don't get me wrong cuz, I done been there  
    Bottom of the barrel man and it ain't shit there  
        No food, no love, whole lot of kids there  
        Hand me down footwear, we got put here  
She wanna have a baby, what coz he got good hair?  
    But he ain't got no job, and she on welfare  
    All he do is go rob, she do the blowjobs  
        For '06 Bonnie & Clyde, life is so hard  
        Stuck between a rock and a hard place  
Look into the sky and there's no sign of God's face  
We can't get a break, I see my people all stuck in a slump  
    It's like we just can't get over the hump  
We need some motivation, we need some inspiration  
We need to be more creative in our ways to get paper  
    The block will have ya ass in a box for your duration  
    Nigga, all I'm sayin' is this, all I'm sayin' is this ..

*[Chorus: Young Noble]*

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva  
    You can't sell coke foreva  
    You can't sell smoke foreva  
    Baby, you can't sell ex foreva  
    You can't sell sex foreva  
    We gotta get ourselves togetha

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva  
    You can't sell coke foreva  
    You can't sell smoke foreva  
    Baby, you can't sell ex foreva  
    You can't sell sex foreva  
    We gotta get ourselves togetha

*[Young Noble]*

Homie, I ain't tryin' to preach to ya, I'm just sayin'

The government the bigger gang, and they ain't playin'  
Hangin' my niggaz for hangin' where they bang at  
This is where we live, where we suppose to hang at  
Don't love the rent, I can't afford to rent this month  
I gotta hit this blunt, I gotta get this done  
I know it feel like it ain't no options  
A little education for a broader horizon  
It's hopeless, I'm focused on reachin' the children  
If what you doin' ain't workin, try somethin' different  
Listen, there's lynchings and killings in corners  
With nothin' left to show but a prison diploma  
The crooked ass cops tryin' to meet they quota  
So every time they see me, they gon' pull me ova  
The life of a soulja, the world is colda  
And when it get's worse, man it still ain't ova  
I told ya ..

*[Chorus: Young Noble]*

You can't sell dope foreva  
You can't sell coke foreva  
You can't sell smoke foreva  
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva  
You can't sell sex foreva  
We gotta get ourselves togetha

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva  
You can't sell coke foreva  
You can't sell smoke foreva  
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva  
You can't sell sex foreva  
We gotta get ourselves togetha

*[Stic.man]*

Every new nigga think he not gon' get caught  
The same thing the next man thought, sittin' in court  
It's nothin new under the sun, it's been done  
There's a million niggaz locked up, you just another one  
That got caught up in it, like the government intended  
A pawn for the system at the bottom of the pyramid  
The game is a set up, that's why they call it a trap  
It's infested with informers, snitches and rats  
So watch ya back if you in it, get in and get out  
Invest in ya future, gotta try to find another route  
Coz the war on drugs, is just a war on us  
And the wrong time to see it is when you in them cuffs  
On that bus, frustrated, headed to the big house  
Lookin' at so much time, you might never get out  
If you headed down this route, whoa before you crash boy  
You don't wanna see them red sirens on the dashboard

*[Chorus: Young Noble]*

You can't sell dope foreva  
You can't sell coke foreva

You can't sell smoke foreva  
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva  
You can't sell sex foreva  
We gotta get ourselves togetha

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva  
You can't sell coke foreva  
You can't sell smoke foreva  
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva  
You can't sell sex foreva  
We gotta get ourselves togetha, c'mon

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Searchin""

[Verse 1:]

Yeah! let's be honest, I know I took more then I gave in the past  
[?] I love ma' family [?] so I know we can last  
I've been hustlin' hopin, tryin' stay focused oping with life  
Like a roll of dice,  
This life we live surrounded in ice  
There's some promise sendin' for us but still we gotta keep goin'  
Everyday we breath in live, God give us chances to show' em  
Take the piss that we keep giving and blessings that he keep giving  
Using to my advantage, keep humble and keep forgiving  
I know the prier seem distant, but yo gotta know and listen  
You gotta be patient in life, play your position  
I know I can witness things in life that money can't bring  
Also witness things in life things that only family can bring  
Talk bout fortune and fame  
Talk bout hunger and pain  
Talk bout whooping even making [?] is one and the same  
Cursed for blessed with the game  
Cursed for blessed with the brain  
Through all my stress and the pain  
Know what (what what) I'm a make it

I've been searchin'

I've been lookin' for love

Waiting for the clouds above

To make me all that I am

And I thank you

I've been searchin'

I've been lookin' for love

Waiting for the clouds above

To make me all that I am

And I thank you

And I thank you

[Verse 2:]

I don't prey for wealth, prey health and peace and self to move on  
My heart sane, trying stay strong and try to move right along  
With the right and wrong I'm a fight along, as Long as I'll live  
Long as I'm humble keep my faith in god is all I need  
Still working to get ma cash, hustling I gotta get it  
And then I laugh last, last with the voice of vicing  
As God is my witness, my strength and my source to achieve  
My savior, my light, my life, my fighter right to believe

I've been searchin'

I've been lookin' for love

Waiting for the clouds above

To make me all that I am  
And I thank you  
I've been searchin'  
I've been lookin' for love  
Waiting for the clouds above  
To make me all that I am  
And I thank you  
And I thank you

[Verse 3:]

First of all, when you found that you must be God first  
If you wanna build the life that's worth risking all  
So for me it's an opportunity to speak, to reach  
The four corners of the globe, the pain [?] deep  
I know, I can see it in your eyes but I'm right here with you  
In it though before is all over we celebrate  
In everything, give thanks for this is the will of God  
In Christ, Jesus counsellings you, nothing is too hard for him  
If you have a heart for him  
Everything is possible, don't let nothing stop you  
We need you, get on your feet soldier  
Hearts of west colder  
[?] shoulder  
Leaders don't wanna step up and be there why they were put there  
We all call them for what we did, we doing what we ought to  
Do for the sake of the future, know that is not about you  
It's bigger than money and fame  
Bigger than reppin' yo' hood  
Taste it and see for yourself that is good

I've been searchin'  
I've been lookin' for love  
Waiting for the clouds above  
To make me all that I am  
And I thank you  
I've been searchin'  
I've been lookin' for love  
Waiting for the clouds above  
To make me all that I am  
And I thank you  
And I thank you

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Fork In The Road"

(feat. Stormey & Malachi)

[KASTRO:]

I was only 16 young nigga one cleanin things

28 now just to see things change

But I'm a player and am playin my part

Knowin this movie ain't mine it gods and he's a star

I still wonder how I made it this far a million miles over in speed of a fast car

So many choices(why), so many voices, all up in my head I hear the devil and his voices

I'm a stum, I'm a bum I'm nuffin, suicide get the gun pull the button

Nah that ain't me

Nah I'm gods baby

But times kinda hard

They've been gettin to my lately

I believe even though I ain't better

My days are gettin better but only if I let em

Today I stand at this fork in the road

Gotta decide which way I would go

[Chorus: MALACHI]

How do I get by with blocks in the road

And how did I get here with the fork in the road

The choices am goin about the world is so cold

Will I be here to see my baby grow old

[Chorus: MALACHI]

How do I get by with blocks in the road

And how did I get here with the fork in the road

The choices am goin about the world is so cold

Will I be here to see my baby grow old

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Believe"

(feat. Stic.man & Ms. Nora (Stic's Mama))

[Chorus: Stic man]

I know I can, I'm sure I can  
get this dope out my veins  
I believe I can, I know I can  
I'm sure I can break free from the chains

[Verse 1: Stic man]

I can heal, I can change a fight and never give up  
I'd made up my mind I can do it and that's what up  
I'm a learn I'm a find what I need to help myself  
I understand that it's up to me to take care of my health  
I'm a prove to the world that I can get back up  
on my feet and I'm a do it for myself for me  
and for my family, they only want the best for me  
they wanna see me in control of my destiny

[Chorus: Stic man]

And I believe I can  
I know I can, I'm sure I can  
get this dope out my veins  
I believe I can, I know I can  
I'm sure I can break free from the chains

[Verse 2: Stic man]

Aint no easy way out, but I made it this far  
many days I slip back frustrated cos it's hard  
but it's my time now to make the changes in my heart  
And I aint looking back right here today is where I'm a start  
I believe in myself, I just made some bad choises  
I still love myself and I aint ready for the coffin  
I'm reaching out to my loved ones for they support  
and no negative thought is gonna stop me just (watch)

[Chorus: Stic man]

I believe I can  
I know I can, I'm sure I can  
get this dope out my veins  
I believe I can, I know I can  
I'm sure I can break free from the chains

[Verse 3: Stic man]

I got things I wanna do in my life I aint did yet  
I know I've been close to the egde but I aint dead yet  
it's never too late to make a change for the better  
and I really mean it this time I'm bout to get myself together  
I know it's not just me I aint the only one

everybody got something that they need to overcome  
you aint gor to smoke crack to be a fiend  
a fiend is just somebody whos addicted it can be anything  
too many of us addicted to the American dream  
we high from the lies on the TV screen  
we drunk from the poison that they teach in the schools  
and we junkies from the chemicals we eat in the food

*[Chorus: Stic man]*

I believe I can  
I know I can, I'm sure I can  
get this dope out my veins  
I believe I can, I know I can  
I'm sure I can break free from the chains

*[Speak: Stic man's mum]*

I believe in myself  
I believe that greater is in me, than is on the outside  
I can be ... who I wanna be  
It's already inside me, if I just believe in myself

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Came-Up"

(feat. Young Noble, Layzie Bone & Stic.Man)

[Intro: Stic Man]

(Layzie Bone, Stic Man)

All we have is each other, everyday is a struggle

(Young Noble) Life is no guarantee

(Outlaws, Dead Prez, Bone Thug)

Everyday is a struggle, all we have is each other (Come on)

[Verse 1: Young Noble]

One time, one time, one cop with a K-9

Cock and I spray mine, drop and lay one

Down to the ground, we callin' C-Town

Ask and harass, and its all of the time

Bein' a young thug, we always real dumb

The money would still come, but wait 'till the bills come

Back to square one, shottin' the fair one, taught to fair none

The right to bare arms

Look at my eyes; You better feel the pain, you better learn the game

I had my turn of fame

Fuck that, just give me money instead

And when the hungry is fed, and when it's all said and done

Nigga we' all for one, homie it's all or none

All I really need is a call or come

Remain a Outlaw 'till its said and done

remain a Outlaw 'til I'm dead and gone

[Chorus: Stic Man, Layzie Bone & Young Noble]

It ain't nothin' if it ain't about green (We came up)

Hopes if it ain't about me (We came up)

It's to all my hopes and my dreams (We came up)

It's to all them niggas up in the bay (we come up)

All my niggas that's from the 'hood (We came up)

Soldiers on mind and made good (We came up)

Money on the wood make it really all good (We came up)

You will get it if you could, yep (We came up)

[Verse 2: Stic Man]

Like a brick through the window everybody on the block come quick

Gets some fo' your kinfolk

Discount sale goin' down for once, aw you can count with me nigga pop the trunk

We in sock, shoes, shit we could use

Laptops still in the box for the cruise

It's not a riot, fool, it's a rebellion

Malcom said it's righteous to rob for food

clothes and shelter

By enemies it's neccessary, smash and grab

Takin' everhang you can carry, nigga  
    Revolutionary, nigga  
    Can't be no scary, nigga  
Runnin' down the alley with a handfull of jewerly  
    Feelin' like Huey, nigga  
    Nothin' they can do to me, nigga  
    Fuck poverty, nigga

[Chorus]

*[Verse 3: Layzie Bone]*

Small thang to a giant when a nigga wanna talk about his toys with his boys well  
    The cost ain't shit to a boss  
Wanna break a nigga off, set it off when a nigga wanna floss  
    Down here on the '99 it feel like a war zone  
It's where you can find mine, when I bring the war on  
    Struggle the bubble when nigga hustle to double up  
    Fuck with my money and nigga you in trouble, what?  
    Everybody tryin' to get in where the fit in  
    Talkin' ain't nothin' if it ain't about dividends  
Standin' a the corner tryin'a get me a Benz, four-five cocked  
    My only friend  
And again I don't trust ya'll anyway, me?  
    Lil' Layzie I been gettin' plenty pay  
Spray the semi 'till its empty, on any givin' day  
    Nigga, heard what I said, nigga any givin' day  
    Born to take charge; We criminals at large  
Niggas smell pussy and I'm pullin' your whole cards  
    Brother on lock and he's runnin' the whole yard  
    St. Clair niggas came up with the bogart  
    Take it if I want it, let a nigga get up on it  
    Gotta give it to 'em quick; Hit 'em up, no warnin'  
Ya'll niggas wanna get involved, search ya' just like ya' want it, want it

[Chorus]

dj green lantern

dead  
 prez

# PULSE OF THE PEOPLE



Turn Off The Radio VOL. 3



INVASION

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Runnin' Wild"

*[Mumia Abu-Jamal:]*

Inspiration that came from Black and Latino and young people.

From the ghettos of the Bronx and Brooklyn and New York, you know what I'm sayin'? (Of course) That's power

*[stic.man:]*

Fuck the police, can't wait to get from momma house  
Hopped off the porch, old enough for some drama now  
Pistol in his pocket, barely strong enough to cock it  
But he ain't scared to pop it, got a heart like Colossus  
Momma ain't home, daddy locked down  
Still his gold chain swing, pants sagged down  
He be clean, fresh Caesar  
New jeans, new sneakers  
Middle finger to his teachers, a rebellious young genius  
Little Bobby Hutton, '09 version  
Ready to touch something  
No matter what  
Determined to make his life worth something  
Keeping it gangsta  
Cause the young black male is in danger  
One slip out here, these crackas will hang you  
Only the strong survive  
No choice, you gotta ride  
Young in age but your mind is wise  
Walking strong with a King Tut strut in your stride  
Black pride and I'm young, hungry, born to survive  
Don't collide with him

Ya, I hear all that righteous shit you talkin' man, fuck that.

I gotta get out here and get this money, man. My daughter feet grow everyday.  
I'm broke out here. Ain't nobody giving me no jobs. I gotta get it one way or another

*[Hook:]*

Little child, little child  
Runnin' wild, runnin' wild  
Little child, runnin' wild  
Whoah, ya  
Hey, little child, little child  
Runnin' wild  
Little child, runnin' wild  
Whoah, hey

*[M1:]*

Growing up in this world today is not easy to do  
Either your choosing your path or your path will choose you  
Lil' Khazi got big shoes to fill for his fam'  
He's so young it's hard for him to understand

That he's the man of the house  
He know the time, his momma work overtime  
And his attitude (a milli, a milli, is '09)  
Go to school just to battle MC's in the cafeteria  
Fell asleep in third period to the theory  
That the president is black so he should try to be that  
Better yet, put a gat on your back and go to Iraq  
But he already done chose a side  
A bonafide People Army soldier rollin' for life  
Mind sharp as that switch blade knife in his back pocket  
Ain't no crack in his sock  
He got bigger dreams  
And even more than money countin'  
He ready to move mountains  
The future Kwame Nkrumah  
And he know it's a dirty job but somebody gotta do it

Shoot, you gotta feel me man. Not a day goes by it ain't a shootout.  
My gun is all I got in these streets.  
I'm 'bout myself, and when I need help, the only thing I can rely on is my gun game

[*Hook*]

[*stic.man:*]  
I love to see the homies cliqued up, fists up  
Khakis on, STAG bandana rag twist up  
Hood pride, unified  
G'd up, ride or die  
Street tribe  
Real soldiers don't die, we multiply  
[x2]

[*Hook*]

[*Mumia Abu-Jamal:*]

You got people all around the world nodding their heads to what people are saying.  
So when you're conscious of that, then ya know, you can do more than just say, "this is a hustle",  
"I'm trying to make my bread" or "that broad got a big ass". Come on.  
There's more important things in the world. I know you and stic do it everyday

## **Dead Prez Lyrics**

### **"Don't Hate My Grind"**

WRBG People's Radio

Turn off the radio

Turn off that bullshit

I am close to the edge don't push me *[x4]*

Yo the recession got a nigga loosing calories

# Dead Prez Lyrics

"Warpath"

(feat. Ratfink)

I'm on the warpath [x4]

[stic.man:]

Lady liberty dressed in drag

Silver badge

No country for old men

Renegade policeman

True evil

Oppressor of the people

Blue lethal

Psychopathic

Arm of the state

Licensed to kill

In the inner city he hunts and lurks

Blood thirst

Vampire sworn to protect the evil empire

It's business

Mercenary, no code of honor

A blue wall of silence

His actions cause riots

Murderer, terrorist, racist, supremacist

Terrorize the residents

Intimidate the innocent

Power unlimited

Targeting the prey with the hoodie and the jewelry

He the judge, the jury and the executioner

Redneck Lucifer

The streets is on fire for all the years he been abusing us

I fiend to throw his ass off of Lakeview terrace

So I ran up in the precinct and I shot the sheriff

[Ratfink:]

It's been a longtime coming

And I can't hold out much longer

It's been a longtime coming

And all the waiting made it stronger

It's been a longtime coming

And it's way too late for you now

It's been a longtime coming

And there's nothing you can do

I'm on the warpath

[Hook:]

And I'm gonna hit you like a freight train coming

On the warpath want to hit the ground running

I'm on the warpath

I'm on the warpath  
I'm on the warpath

[M1:]

Ayo my brain fried and I'm off duty  
I'm about to pull out my gun and go and shoot me a movie  
    You think you hardcore?  
    But you ain't ready for war  
When you see me coming pray for the lord  
    You probably just a snitch anyway  
    And a ditch is your grave  
And the president don't got shit to say  
50 shots is nothing, it's been 500 years  
I enjoy seeing all y'all mommas in tears  
    As I haul your ass off to jail  
Stop going to church, praying to god  
    You're living in hell  
    And I'm the gatekeeper  
    My boss is the Grim Reaper  
Better known as the sergeant of the pig department  
    And guess what's next for the next generation  
I'm about to turn the whole damn 'hood into a slave ship  
You thought that was some shit in New Orleans?  
    You better watch out for the global warming

[Ratfink:]

When you close your eyes at night  
And you think you're safe at home  
    You'll never see me coming  
    And you wake up all alone  
    You made your bed baby  
    And I hope you'll never sleep  
I'll be waiting for you in your dreams  
    If you ever get that deep  
        I'm on the warpath

[Hook]

[stic.man:]

So I ran up in the precinct, and I shot the sheriff

# Dead Prez Lyrics

"Gangsta Gangster"

(feat. Styles P)

Gangsta Gangsta with a "A" not a "ER" [x3]  
Cuz all I gees I know are part of the revolution

[Stic.Man:]

Its not a word to be claiming jus cause it sound cool  
The game's so twisted today for lack of ground rules  
    Is a man of his word a man of action  
    Never begging, complaining he make it happen  
    It's not the image they selling us on the TV screen  
    Is a survivor, a rider provide by any means  
    Moving stragey outsmarting his enemies  
    Ready to give his life, you still wanna be a g?  
It's not something you claim just because you from the hood  
    Everything twisted the game is so misunderstood  
    Used to be a protector, man of the people  
    Now they most followers man, where are the leaders?  
    A ghetto superstar is cool but I know something harder  
You don't know gangsta till you know about Bunchy Cater, Aunty Assata, Soondiat Ecoli  
    Not to disrespect their legacy but that's the real OG's  
The one who has the biggest mouth to be the biggest coward  
    No time for petty beef a gee is about getting power  
    That's why you can only be down after initiation  
    So niggas know how you respond in different situations

Gangsta Gangsta with a "A" not a "ER"  
Cuz All I Gees I know are part of the revolution

[Styles P:]

He was a mean one nah he was born one  
He don't ever say a thing when the law comes  
He don't need a posse of brothers that act wild  
He works a Hard Job and tries to raise a black child  
    He breaks bread with his people like Jesus did  
    He tried to explain to the children what the evils is  
    Knows the spots where the crack, coke and diesel is  
        Did some time in the pen now he diesel kid  
        He know the penile system is part slavery  
Knows that the judge on the stand is where the pagan be  
    Knows freedom is priceless it takes bravery  
    He knows I ain't an animal but they caging me  
        He plays DP thinking about his DP's  
    Wish he had a hundred guns headed up to DC  
        He wants change like Obama did  
        Probably lived where your mama lives

[M1:]

Is is the bandana, the hat, the loafs or the gatt  
I tell you off the bat hell nah it ain't none of that  
It ain't the smell of the chronic the broken ebonics  
They be the main ones poppin that shit but they don't want it  
Willing to live or to die for what he believe in  
He know the code of the streets you can't deceive him  
A gangsta's word is his bond you must respect that  
He keep his flag and his rep well protected  
Is it the bankroll? The bulletproof tank? no  
Look at his tattoos the women about to faint so  
He could of went to jail but been the biggest snitch Or  
He could when you trust your loyalty you switch

Gangsta Gangsta with a "A" not a "ER" [x3]  
Cuz All I Gees I know are part of the revolution

*[Stic.Man:]*  
It ain't just Easy, Dre, Ren, Cube and Dela  
It's also Nina, Sarah, Billy, Betty and Ella  
G is the seventh letter, G is for gettin better  
A G is a go-getter, A G is tougher than leather

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Afrika Hot!"

I don't represent the red white and blue  
I'll cut the head off the devil and I'll throw it at you  
Uhuru is my world view; RBG to the grave  
Even though Obama is the president, we still enslaved  
I don't have to be born and raised on a continent  
I know where I'm from; it's engraved in my consciousness  
We one folk many tribes, many sons and daughters  
Before the white man's artificial borders  
We was warrior kings, victorious dynasties  
I had to open my eyes to see their historians lied to me  
I don't know what my tribe was, they stole my culture  
But I know I'm still standing on ancestor's shoulders  
Yo' I could have been Bassa, Yoruba, or Kikuyu \*?\*  
So I just claim them all from Ashanti to Zulu  
I am, because we are one tribe  
Children of the sunshine let's ride, it's nation time

Why don't you tell me the truth? I can think for myself  
Everything they manufacture be so bad for you bad for your health  
Why they so parasitic? Why they so hypocritic?  
Why they take everything real and turn it into a gimmick?  
I learn from people who live it, I'm a G with no limits  
Immuuh always stay committed the minute until we win it  
RBG representin', if I said it I meant it  
That's why you got to stand and fight  
Cause it could change any minute  
I took a visit to the border of Kenya and Tanzania  
And they got the same ole' president we got over here  
It's a global revolution, everybody get down  
Cause when I look around the majority is brown  
So we may as well link it up, time comes sync it up  
Fresh water straight out the earth you'd better drink it up  
Revolutionary love, freedom's what I'm thinking of  
Meet me at the steps of the capital if you've seen enough

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Refuse To Lose"

*[Chorus]*

I got so much trouble on my mind

refuse to lose

refuse to lose

(it's just energy man)

I got so much trouble on my mind

refuse to lose

refuse to lose

(it's electric)

I'm caught up in this untouchable mentality

as a man thinkin it becomes his reality

I used to let stress build up until I learned

that stress'll eat your insides up like worms

see worry is the cousin of death

thinkin negative you might as well go ahead and bury yourself

I was taught by the struggles of life to be strong

like ian, you hafta have the heart of a lion

I been through my share of this hell, but still I rise

many days didn't know what to do

but we survived

every struggle is a test, a lesson

you just gotta figure out how to overcome and catch the blessin

they want us to turn to dope and lose all hope

spirit broke and confused

but I refuse to lose

through fear, through pain, through loss

I can't stop

won't stop

till we make it to the tip top

this is hip hop

*[Chorus]*

I got so much trouble on my mind

refuse to lose

I refuse to lose

(I, I will not lose)

I got so much trouble on my mind

refuse to lose

I refuse to lose

(I, I will not lose)

ay yo, failure ain't an option it's a death sentence

you can't survive without no food that ain't no sustenance

plus when it's crunch time

back on the wall

life on the line

before you lose your balance and fall  
you will find that it's an instinct  
act first and then think  
second law of nature, self preservation  
move without reservation  
no hesitation when it comes to me and mine  
do you come from that design or do your compass need alignment?  
I'm mercenary  
My assignment?  
kill or be killed, a sin or a skill?  
however you define it  
a sa siembra victoria  
revolutionary propaghanda intended to raise warriors  
ain't nothin like this world crisis  
the price of life is measured by the lifeless  
it's brutal but I fight this  
supply, demand, inflation rises  
we can't afford the rice  
there's nothing to eat  
I know it's hard to digest

*[Chorus]*

I got so much trouble on my mind  
refuse to lose  
I refuse to lose  
(I, I will not lose)  
I got so much trouble on my mind  
refuse to lose  
I refuse to lose  
(I, I will not lose)

they say the best revenge: success and living well  
no more throwin them coins down in that wishing well  
go out and get your own  
we all reap what we sow  
the end is all on you  
what you gonna do?

I got bass strong enough to cut through a coal mine  
hold a goal in my mind till I reach the gold mine  
overtime grind  
with no days off  
but ain't nothin like the feelin when it all pays off  
all it take is the thought of my son for motivation  
long as I'm alive you can't break my dedication  
family first  
everything real in the field  
it's a cold game  
life don giva fuck how you feel  
we live in a material world or so it seems  
but I ain't got nothin to lose but bad dreams  
when I woke up I was already 17  
but I was determined to break the cycles I'd seen

when I learned that the blood in my veins came from kings  
it curdled, when I looked at the present day scene  
but the same pressure that turned my brother to a fiend  
I face it, embrace it and convert it into steam

*[Chorus]*

I got so much trouble on my mind  
refuse to lose  
I refuse to lose  
(I, I will not lose)  
I got so much trouble on my mind  
refuse to lose  
I refuse to lose  
(I, I will)  
(I, I will not)

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Life Goes On"

*[Chorus]*

Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on  
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on  
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on  
Life goes on, (hey one how ya feel?) the world keeps (yeah) turning & life goes on (let's go)  
Life goes on

You stuck back in the day, but homie it's 2009  
Every thought you think is a seed you plant that grows within your mind

Better focus on your grind

It's real out here

The game don't wait

We fall down

we suck it up

We get back up and make a way

'Cause the past is yesterday

and the future never comes

The present is a gift

This moment is the only one

You can't rewind the clock

Time is all we got

and once it's gone

It don't come back

Whether you like it or not

Gotta play to win

If you ain't happy - make a change then

If what you doin' ain't workin' it might be time to change plans.

You lookin' at a changed man

From where I used to be

It's no fear

I ain't going' nowhere

So get used to me

I shook off the dead weight

Freed up my head space

Now my priorities in order

and my bread straight

With even greater faith

So let the haters hate

For one thing we got in common that we can't escape is...

*[Chorus]*

Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on

Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on

Life goes on

Some people blame they parents

For what they shoulda done

Or what they didn't do  
Or what they wish they woulda done.  
Caught up in the past  
Trapped, 'cause they can't forgive  
But you can make a choice now how you wanna live  
You can be negative;  
You can be positive  
But either one is up to you  
It's your prerogative  
It's not what happens to us  
It's how we handle what happens

The ups and downs in life give us understanding and balance

[Chorus]

Gotta take it day by day  
The pain just seems to fade away  
Look at pictures in my mind  
Everything just turns to shades of gray  
The cornerstone; without you the family fell apart  
Can't put the pieces together  
We don't know where to start  
Had a show in South side Chicago, it was a cold day  
Cold playing, repeat playing  
No way, I keep saying  
think about my momma locked up in that dungeon, Godforsaken;  
and when she find out her momma dead, how she going to take it?  
Got an older brother and we argue every time we speak  
Every relationship is different  
Ours is unique  
Shoulda said I'm sorry 'fore I went to school in T-town  
I got your memories  
I got you on the rebound  
Walk with the ancestors - Grand mommy  
and if I start to get weary, please stand by me  
I just want the world to know your grandson was thinkin' of you  
I guess it's never too late to say that I love you  
So this one is for you

[Chorus]



# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "\$timulus Plan"

[CHORUS]

You should go go  
Feed your marrow  
Then the Afro  
Then the Euro  
Anything  
For that green  
It's a scam  
It's a scheme

(clips from news, legislators)

Four or five dollar bills

[?]

I've been in the same situation  
Heartbeat racing  
You come up but you don't eat  
I done had to sleep in a train station  
Going stop to stop  
But no place to be  
Paperchasin'  
Filling out applications  
For weeks  
Just tryin' to get up on my feet  
But they ain't hiring  
So a niggas forced to resort to the streets  
Just to make ends meet  
It's called survival  
The struggle continues  
If it offends you, let me remind you  
We all have instincts to do what we have to,  
To make it through, and this drive is primal  
Whether you at MickeyD's takin' an order  
Or comin' from Florida transportin' a quarter  
Or on a corner  
We all got needs  
I gotta feed my son  
He gotta feed his daughter  
Naw, I ain't no capitalist-exploiter  
But I know the rules of supply and demand  
Whoever controls the product  
Controls the supply  
And, hey, well that's the law of the land  
Make your own stimulus plan

(more)

Don't ever think slavery was just about race  
Slavery was about money  
They say the USA was founded on freedom  
But slavery built this country  
Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln,  
Hamilton, Jackson, Grant  
Were all slaveowners  
And even today  
From Clinton to Bush  
They runnin' the same game on us  
They so-called war on terror  
Is just a ploy to get more cheddar  
Dinero, the root of all evil  
They come in bombin', shootin', exploitin' people  
And call it freedom  
It's a cold game  
And it's the same from the top of the food chain  
All the way down to the little homie in the street gangs  
Slangin' cocaine, it's how they do thangs  
It's the American way  
Imperialism, have it your way  
Whatever it takes  
Whoever gets fucked in the process, that's okay  
That's how they play  
So you can't blame us  
Them dead white men on that paper ain't us  
We still gotta hustle for the benefits, man  
My grind is my stimulus plan...



aphilliates

dj drama + dead prez  
TURN OFF THE RADIO VOLUME 4

# REVOLUTIONARY BLK GANGSTA GRILZ

"born in the Struggle, built in the Streets"

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Far From Over"

*[DJ Drama:]*

You know I've been working so hard, I got skinny again

That means I'm still hungry

Dead Prez

Barack O Drama

*[Hook:]*

I know way too many people here right now listening to this mixtape like who the fuck are yall

I sware it feels like the last few years in the mainstream everyone forgot about reppin the cause

What are we doin what are we doin oh yeah what about let's get free taking care of family this is the song of my life man

Cause all I know to be is a soldier for my culture and it's far from over

*[M1:]*

RBG RBG Dead Prez like Lantern never fall off what the hell was yall thinking

We 10 years deep still real still eatin still middle finger to the police and still mean it

This is RBG code this is more than just a pop song if you don't know must not of been out on the block long Let me show you how to speak the language in better form I sware this life is like the realist movement ever born

Truth is like a 44 magnum in this business I'm out to go Jonathon Jackson on you bitches

Little homie you know you could catch cancer from them swishers don't get lost in that liquor till it eats up your liver

Gotta spit it how I live it I am my brothers keeper rappers integrity today is cheaper than some reefer The whole game is blunted everybody want to be a stunner, but where's the honour when the white man run it

*[Hook]*

*[stic.man:]*

Yo one thing about music when it hits you feel no pain ten years later ain't shit changed, but the players in the game

Still ahead of the pack as Drake studied my rap matter of fact I give to that,

but at least he ain't sellin no crack so I take my flow right back

Stop the beef it doesn't matter how many records they sellin cause all this bullshit they yellin gonna start a hiphop rebellion

In the real world don't have no bounaries and fears this word sound power that we put in their ears can change the world

It's bigger than diamonds in your necklace we out here doin dope toatin pistols actin

reckless in the real world you can't just act like you don't care

Cause what you gonna have when the fame and fourtune disappear

if you a rapper trapper actor finger snapper copy cater or a money gettin cracka just say it

But then if you fake snake cake claimin that you pushin weight when you ain't do I really have to say it

*[Hook]*

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Exhibit M"

*[DJ Drama:]*

I mean, we can agree that balance is necessary, right? We can agree that some of this shit done got out of control, right?

We ain't gonna take it too far left, though. We gonna stay street, stay revolutionary right here in this middle lane

*[M1:]*

Yo, imagine me with no imagination  
No imitation. It's Exhibit M... it's my improvisation  
Hope I improved on what you thought was impossible  
My impersonation of myself is mythological  
Emperor Imhotep—I am a saurus  
I'm a monk up in the mountains, meditating in the marshes  
Importing that magical forest, smoking that Mary Jane  
Self-medicating myself. This world is so insane  
I put my emphasis on things more important  
Yo, it's M. Jordan imparting wisdom with my performance  
I'm Immortal Technically speaking  
Immaculately conceiving  
Hit you with that Swahili greeting  
I'm the one between the L and the N  
Motherfuck... Oh please excuse, I get excited  
I'm against the M-N-F-N system  
They immobilize the marches of the movement  
And imprison many people  
Now they monitor the music  
Making martyrs out of you and me  
We ain't getting Emmy's or no Oscars or no Grammy's  
It's the same old inmate to the Uno  
The emblem is the panther, not a pimp  
And my woman is an empress if you ever get a glimpse  
My impression of a moron is an empty minded man  
For an imbecile, death is imminent. Understand?  
Murder one. Master knowledge, but my mama says, "Mutulu  
Fuck around and get impaled. Yo, don't let the smile fool you  
Leave a mark on your monument."  
Fuck the X and the Y. The M gene is dominant  
M-M-M-Malcolm and M-M-M-Mart-Martin

# Dead Prez Lyrics

"Malcolm, Garvey, Huey"

(feat. Divine)

Malcolm Garvey Huey, study Malcolm Garvey Huey

Their life is like a movie

Study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey

Malcolm Garvey Huey, their life is like a movie

I live, I die, I organize

Everything I do's revolutionize

I build what's good for the whole damn hood

Study G's like these, really think you should

I study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey

Monster kody with a UZI, listening to Fela Kuti

I'm a goon with the machete, especially if it's deadly

Got the Santos for the Xe to protect me, so respect me

This is heavy legendary, revolutionary

My wifey she resurrect me when they thought they had me burried

Took me out the cemetery, now it's family over every

Cause it's always necessary to avoid the commissary

I'mma live for you five, so I stopped getting high

If you know, then you recognize, it's that Black and Brown pride

This the power of the mind, RBG, God Divine

You can see it through the lies if you can read between the lines

I live, I die, I organize

Everything I do - revolutionize

I build what's good for the whole damn hood

Study G's like these, really think you should

I study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey

Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey

Malcolm, Garvey, Huey, Bunchy, Bobby, Pac 'n Tookie

Sitting by the door, so you can say I'm acting spooky

Just like in the movie, son, you better pack it tooley

Niggas squish be acting fruity or be cracking like they tookie

Rather smoke a doobie than be burning and alluding

Bang bang, pig shooting, we should blame Rudy Julie

Banging for the cameras, China White & nose candy

Unless you're banging on the system, you're a gangsta wearing panties

RBG my family from the Bronx to Miami

Police cannot stand me packing y'all like a manny

Call me Little Bobby Hutton, cause I'm first to push the button

Rappers don't be saying nothing to the system, we say fuck 'em

This is for Nahonda, mama see, Mama Akuwa

All the real OGs, I'm a soldier cause you told me study

Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey

Malcolm Garvey Huey I'm reportin' in for duty

Stic.-ie-ickie, yours truely, here for duty  
Down davino, M A uno, you know how we dropped the jury  
This is real not a movie, not Mickey Donald Goofy  
I'm a soldier, I avoid a bitch nigga like the cooties  
Screwface in a hoodie, fresh pair of khakis  
We can do this like we fam or go to war like the Apaches  
For whatever I stay ready, I learned that in Tallahassee  
Babatunde used to school me as a juvie skipping classes  
Never let the system use me, my duty is my passage  
Watch the homies in your army, they don't always show their badges  
Keep your family living healthy, teach your children 'bout their blackness  
Teach your wifey how to use the ratchet, this shit is classic  
Get your food, clothes n shelter, fuck the system pimp it backwards  
I ain't hating, I'm just saying if you wanna be a rapper study Malcolm Garvey Huey

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Fear Not The Revolution"

No reason to get scared

Change is necessary

Somebody gotta' do somethin'

Who better than us?

*[M1:]*

Nothing to fear but fear itself

Use your experience like wealth and get rich b\*tch

I know niggas that fear success

So they sabotage themself

I question their mental health

Help me understand it

I'm battling with my demons like the next man

But I expect to stand victorious, vainglorious

Head up and encourage us, like Afeni did to Pac

It can send you into shock

It can bring you to a stop

Shook stop in your tracks

Fear of our responsibility by Ho Chi Minh

If you're looking for a weakness hope you don't see me

We're so gangsta but scared of our own shadow you see

It's your reflection

And we're searching for direction but our compass is broke

Put it in your GPS and still don't know where to go

It's the heart

It's the spirit

It's the soul

Trust yourself, if it's green then go

If it's not then don't

*[Hook:]*

This is the revolution

This is our only solution

This is officially a takeover not a makeover

We on our way soldiers

*[Stic.Man:]*

Crime scene forensics, syringes

Dope fiend binges

The pain seem endless

My soul cringes

Old women asleep on park benches

It's heart wrenching

Below poverty level existence

No public assistance

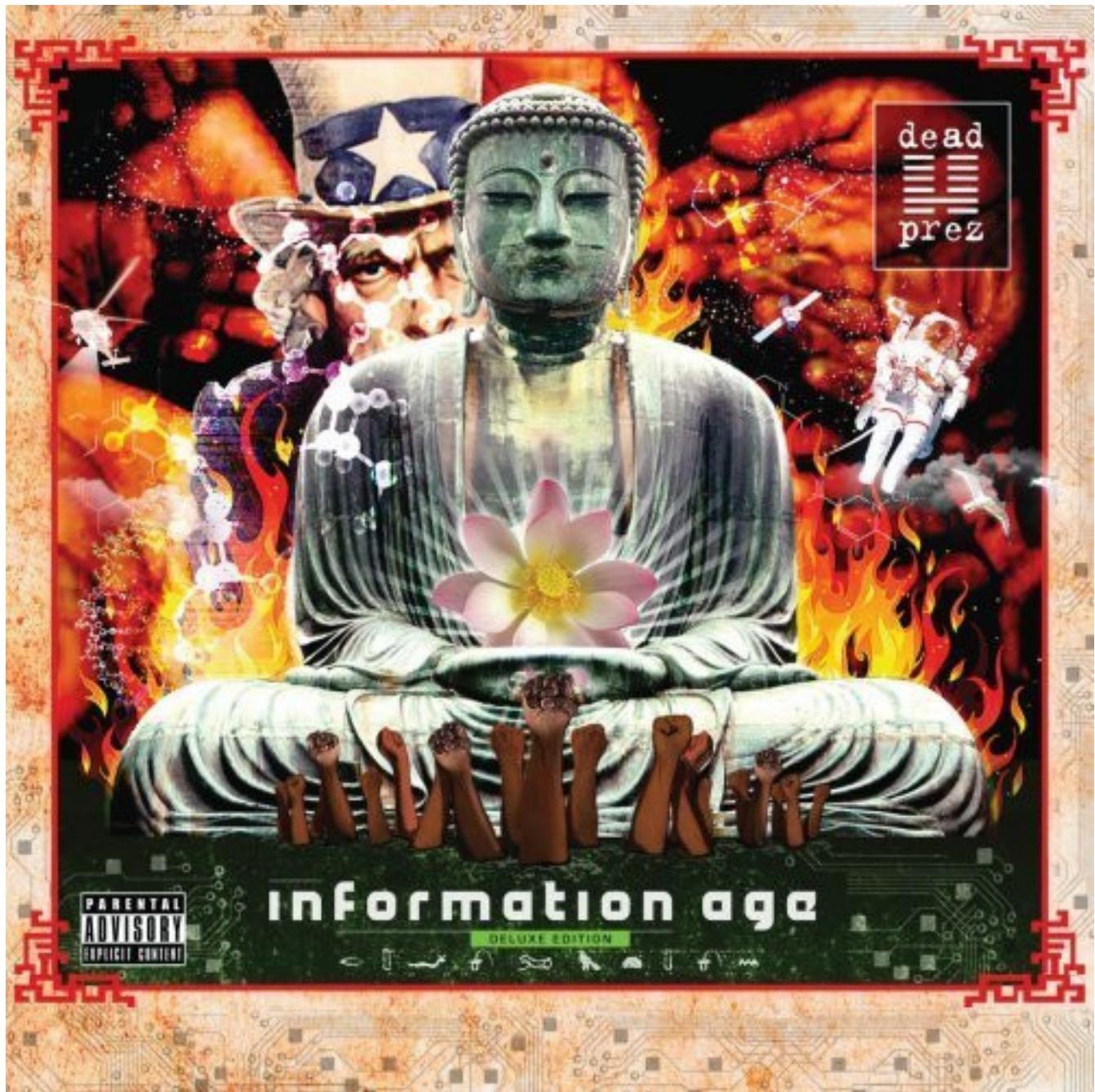
They system is against us

We runaway slaves, political prisoners

They manufacture disease, create sickness  
Then they rent you the cure for the symptoms  
To them it's just business  
We the fuel for they corporate engines  
A swastika and dollar sign should be they emblem  
We the have nots without a pot to piss in  
Living in third world conditions  
I don't wanna be a victim no more  
So much stress living under pressure in the trenches  
The struggle is a lifelong sentence if you listen  
You can hear the wretched of the earth in the distance  
Coming for our day of vengeance

*[Hook]*

This is the revolution  
This is our only solution  
This is revolutionary but gangsta grillz  
This is what's really real



# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "A New Beginning"

Times is getting rough, huh? That's nothing new to us  
There's nothing to discuss. Just make adjustments, time is up  
    This crazy world we live in, they taking, ain't no giving  
    Consuming, not producing. We got a problem, Houston  
    Its worse than genocide, they get inside your mind  
    Tricked 'ya. You thought the finish line was 1999, didn't 'ya?  
Try to save the trees but you can't go green without that black and red  
    If we gon' get free we got to change that lightbulb in our head

### [Hook]

The end of the world don't mean too much to us  
    It's a new beginning  
    Ashes to ashes, dust to dust to us  
    It's a new beginning

Stock market crashing daily, they say that times are scary  
They dollar's losing value, but the hood knew that already  
    The price of gas been rising, at times we can't afford it  
    The oil supply is leaking, facing a global shortage  
According to news reporters, every year its getting warmer  
These violent weather patterns, some say it's just nature's karma  
    They planting they seeds of fearing, genetic engineering  
Interfering with the crops and now the bees are disappearing  
    Don't know what is upon us, just know one thing for certain  
    Change is so necessary cause they system is not working  
    Maybe it would take destruction to make a better world  
And if that's what it takes then I hope Babylon just keep on burning

We - we got a problem, Houston [x3]

### [Hook x3]

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "What If The Lights Go Out"

Aye, aye, there go the rescue  
Aye, there they go right there  
They lookin for us  
There go the helicopter  
Yo hey aye  
Yo don't do that man, you gon get shot man  
We right here  
Yo, right here, right here  
Aye where yall going?  
Man, they ain't coming to help us man  
Where yall going?  
We got to help our motherfucking self

Whatever gonna be I'm ready  
Got my AR-15 ready  
Water in my canteen ready  
When the shit hit the fan I'm ready  
Can't get no dough off your car  
Can't eat no money, no credit  
Can't get no food from the stove  
But the struggle won't break my spirit  
The strong survive and we perish  
A man with a plan don't panic  
Surviver candles, solar panels  
Chapters from my soldier manual  
Organization, communication  
Clarity, family, solidarity  
The dollar bill is just a piece of paper  
If the lights go out it ain't gon save ya

What if the lights go out?  
Right now right now right now right now right now right now  
What if the lights go out?  
Right now right now right now right now right now right now

Raindrops falling from the sky  
Teardrops falling from your eye  
Is anybody out there on your side?  
Lights out, it's on the night  
Disorganized humanity  
Is borderline insanity  
But don't panic, be cool  
No code to the streets and no rules  
They don't alert you, about the curfew  
First they search you, then they merk you  
Psychological, diabolical  
Biological, highly volatile

Knocked on the door with Josephina  
Dropped herself in your arena  
What did we learn from Katrina?  
I hope you can swim if you're waiting on FEMA

What if the lights go out?  
Right now right now right now right now right now right now  
What if the lights go out?  
Right now right now right now right now right now right now

Follow your heart, follow the light  
The light within, it will show you the way  
Follow your heart, follow the light  
The light within, it will show you the way

What if the lights go out?  
Right now right now right now right now right now right now  
What if the lights go out?  
Right now right now

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "GHN: Global Hood News"

*[News Reporter Ime Oli]*

This is Ime Oli reporting for the Information Age, Global Hood News Report

In the Global Hood News today:

Global pandemic has the world health organization and US government work hand in hand

To white the vitamins and natural medicines essential

To prevent to their healthcare off the shelves

This raises eyebrows as new information emerges from progressive and holistic communities

About the critical importance of vitamin D

Discipline, the OGs and elders like Matula Shakur say it is a question of population control

And the people must wager struggle for truth and reconciliation

Next up, if you haven't seen the fires, well you've probably smelled the smoke

Resistance in form in forms of riots and police clashes in cities around the world

90 Cs way informer is reporting live from Philadelphia

*[Informer]*

Well, Ime Helu, the situation is tense to say the least in front of City Hall right now

Many organizations have valued membership and are out in numbers chanting and raising banners placards

which read a laundry list of grievances

For instance, one read "foreclosure equals war on poor people"

Another read "schools are jails, stop locking up the youth"

And lastly "Mayor McNutter is a buster"

Oh that read "puppet"

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Dirty White Girl"

[Verse 1: M1]

I'm sucker free, sugar free  
Dairy free until we're free  
Let you live with T, wanna kick with me  
But that bitch ain't never mean shit to me man  
I stay away from cocaina  
That's white Jesus, I'm a non-believer  
I was taught not to fear no evil  
But I don't wanna catch no jungle fever

[Stic.man]

Yo Snow White, Cinderella  
Don't wanna get no salmonella  
Mozzarella, not the fella  
Black to the berry, the darker the better  
Devil's daughter, I don't want her  
Shit I had you strung out on the corner  
Crack in your hand, that's Ku Klux Klan  
No blonde if a nigga meet a real Roxanne

[Hook]

Dirty white girl, she's so addictive  
Don't wanna go so you win all  
Dirty white girl, she's so addictive  
Don't wanna go so you win all

[Verse 2: stic.man]

Milk on your mustache, ew  
What's that? I don't trust that, that's suspect  
[?] toast, soup froze  
Dextrose? I'm lactose intolerant  
I'm not buying it, I don't swallow it  
I'm not fooled by your white power politic  
White flower? Not none of it  
I don't sleep with the government

[M1]

Just the kush, not the yayo  
Cause that Barbara Bush is fatal  
Ebony and ivory, society done a lot to me  
She been around the industry  
I know her history, it's not a mystery  
Crystal meth, PCP, LSD, that's not for me

[Hook]

[Verse 3: stic.man]

I stay away from them see through panties, that's paraphernalia  
With a poor white trash of kid, ya ain't fucking with Virginia Slims  
Cancer stick, she no good for me, bitch make me sick  
No, I'm not the one, I'm not the trick  
I need a sista souljah, not a Dixie Chick  
No dairy queen, no Lindsey Lohan  
What that mean? I ain't with your program

*[M1]*

My cup, styrofoam  
Tell you right, won't steer you wrong  
Make you lean, make you fall  
Michael Jack, off the wall  
Hard white, my wife  
She like to ride that glass pipe  
Fast life, popping pills  
Cheap thrills get you killed  
Big syringe, pick your skin  
Make you thin, she not your friend  
Frying pan, brain on drugs  
Back hand, ain't no love

*[Hook]*

*[Outro]*

The concept of race has no scientifically proven biological or genetic validity.  
It is a social construct that has been used as tool of oppression for centuries

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "No Way As The Way"

*[Hook]*

My way might not be your way  
But it's okay  
It's alright, your way might not be my way  
But it's okay  
It's alright

*[Stic.man]*

Yea, I used to go to church  
But the church didn't quench my thirst  
Mama taught me to put god first  
But she never tried to block my search  
I was curious, young but serious  
Why's religion so mysterious  
Why is black life so hard?  
They say you're not supposed to question God  
Well is it okay to question the pastor?  
Was it passed down from the slave-master?  
It was only the truth I was after  
But I never could get a straight answer  
So I couldn't be late to the sermon  
Put down the bible, then I start learning  
About life, didn't know where the path would lead  
But I had to get off my knees

*[Hook]*

*[Stic.man]*

I build with the fire that's in us  
Only God within us, it's no limits  
Study the metu neter from chemic  
Also I remembered  
Smoke herb with the Rastafarians  
Who my locks became a vegetarian  
Following the tao, filling what the bible lacks  
Jewels being handed to a innocent child  
My mind is a Buddhist temple, the truth is simple  
I try to be principle  
Walking with a warrior spirit  
It ain't nothing like learning from first hand life experience  
I'm a realist, that's all I deal with  
Respect the truth, that's all I build with  
A child of the universe  
My religion is life and it's just as valid  
I strive for balance

*[Hook]*

*[M-1]*

I gotta admit, I don't know  
End to end which way it's gonna go  
Why we sit by the project window?  
And started living off the land with my kin folk  
Is there even a master plan?  
An unseen hand? Is God a man?  
Some say that's sacrilegious  
Same folks selling us lies about Christmas  
Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny  
Just so the capitalists can make money  
They say God will take care of it  
But you a terrorist if you say the same thing in Arabic  
It's so hypocritical  
It's a miracle, listen to the Mexican spirituals  
Weighed in the water, I'm following Mr. Minute  
That turn I'm paying for my freedom  
I'm heading for the border

*[Hook: x3]*

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Learning Growing Changing"

[Intro]

We could grow  
We could develop  
As we know, the heaven is not a place  
And happiness lives in the heart  
Long as the world keep turning  
I do years, we keep on learning  
Ya heard?

[Hook]

Keep on learning, and soaking up game  
We gon' make mistakes, we gon' go through some things  
Keep on growing, keep on soaking up game  
If something ain't working, don't be afraid to change

[Verse 1]

Nobody know it all, as soon as you think you do – that's when you fall  
We gotta do more than survive, we must evolve  
Things change just when you think you seen it all  
We trip, we stumble but we get back and strike  
Each day, all the way, one step at a time  
Don't wanna let my ego and pride make me blind  
The elders say "when you stop growing – that's when you die"  
The one who gets the knowledge is the one who asked "why?"  
Through the course of life, you gon' taste some humble pie  
But I love it – it makes me appreciate the things that I take for granted  
Gaining insight and understanding  
Each one, teach one, we got to pass it on  
Keep doing the knowledge, building and had in all  
We're fake that need assumption  
That nobody knows everything but everybody knows something

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

The more you know, the more you know – you don't know  
And if you don't know there's more you can know then you won't grow  
What you don't know can hurt you, discipline is a virtue  
You gotta ask the right questions  
It helps you go into cycles and cyphers and spirals  
Information is viral, it infects you  
It's contagious and have you going through stages  
Like deny, you don't believe that, no, we didn't do that  
Then reality set in, there's no disputing the facts  
Yo I'm sorry if I woke you up, but when I open up  
It's like I'm smoking but I'm high off the people, watch me soak it up  
Huey said the best education is observation and participation

Study how the people be relating  
Different points of views turn bad news to good news  
See, it's kinda like some shoes cause they gotta make you move  
Treat it like organic food, make it something you can chew  
Information you can use, make it something you can do

*[Hook]*

*[Interlude]*

Aye man, it's okay to say you don't know  
That's when you let go your ego  
You're free from all illusion, dig?  
Can't make moves in confusion  
Don't look for conflict, man  
Always look for the solution  
And my pop said "humility is a sign of wisdom"  
But to really soak it in, now that's a different kind of listening  
See men sharpen men, and every day is another lesson  
And it's not fair you only learn man, it's a blessing  
And as the Buddha says, "nothing lasts forever"  
You gotta manage your expectations  
The less we pray, the less we suffer  
And this way we awaken  
Right understanding  
Right thought  
Right speech  
Right action  
Right livelihood  
Right effort  
Right mindfulness  
Right focus  
Keep soaking  
Soak it up

*[Hook]*

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Time Travel"

(feat. Trx)

### [Hook]

I just wanna time travel, to know what I don't know  
I just wanna time travel, to know what I don't know  
See what I wanna see, feel what I wanna feel  
Be what I wanna be, I tell 'em what's right and what's real  
See what I wanna see, feel what I wanna feel  
Be what I wanna be, I tell 'em what's right and what's real

### [Verse 1]

I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out, tapped in to my own route  
Wake up in the morning, throw my sneakers on, hit the streets and go all out  
Beat the concrete, magic carpet  
Through the neighborhood, through the project  
Getting them hours and pass the college  
No withdrawals without deposits  
Feel that wind on my face, I'm Tommy Smith in '68  
Fixed up, touch the sky, feels great, natural high  
Sweat dripping down the block, healthy life, I'm out the box  
When I run I'm in bliss baby, feel so good I don't wanna stop  
Free my lungs of that marijuana, get my burn like a marathoner  
Sunday hotter than Arizona, time travel anywhere I wanna  
(I'm a long distance runner)

### [Hook]

### [Verse 2]

All seeing, all knowing, so free and mind blowing  
Omnipotent, magnificent, liberated, feel mad different  
We all talented, all gifted, tap into this raw spirit, it's unlimited  
So call it a vivid suspension, expansion another dimension  
Free from the box that we're trapped in  
We bout to blast off, are you strapped in?  
T minus and counting, imagine the ocean, the deserts  
The glaciers, the clouds and the mountains  
(See what I wanna see, feel what I wanna feel)  
Be what I wanna be, to know what's right and what's real  
Invincible, unshakable, earth quaking but unbreakable  
Unstoppable, don't stop until there's no rock a few, now I got the joke  
I come from the jungle, I drink from the fountain  
I looked and I found this, as innocent Roberts  
Who died and backed out to the big bang  
15's of guap, we doing big things  
(Until the fat lady sang)

### [Hook]

*[Interlude]*

I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out  
I tell 'em what's right and what's real  
I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out  
I tell 'em what, I tell 'em what's right and what's real  
I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out  
I just wanna time travel, to know what I don't know  
I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out  
I just wanna time travel, to know what I don't know

*[Verse 3]*

Still evolving, adapting, changing  
Time is moving, let's embrace it  
Past conditions, forward motion  
Prohibition, the way it's open  
Ancient wisdom, the tribe has spoken  
Let the circle be unbroken  
Eye of Horus, wake the Buddha  
Mayan calendar – see the future  
Higher consciousness, revolution  
Evolution, the better humans  
God particles, spirit molecules  
Science turned, so what? I guess y'all already knew  
Hieroglyphics, ancient temples  
Know our self, infinite potential  
Boundless options beyond the doctrines  
We are the universe, break your boxes  
(Let's go)

*[Hook]*

*[Outro]*

I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Take Me To The Future"

(feat. Martin Luther)

[Intro: Stic.Man (Computer)]

Computer

(Where would you like to go?)

Take me to the future

[Hook: Martin Luther]

Take me to the future, take me to a better place

To another time in space, than here

Take me to the future, future for the human race

Tell me what does it take, to get there

I'm ready for change, I'm hungry for change

I'm asking for change, I'm willing to change

I'm ready for change, I'm searching for change

I'm looking for change, I'm willing to change

And I don't what it's gonna be like

But I believe that the future's bright

I take a few more steps towards it today

Our generation gotta leave it's mark

Be our own light because the world's so dark

I know it's hard to say goodbye to yesterday

But take me to the future, take me to a better place

To another time in space, than here

Take me to the future, future for the human race

Tell me what does it take, to get there

I'm ready...

[Verse 1: Stic.Man (Computer)]

I want change I could live in, not just to believe in

You know these politicians, they change with the seasons

I'm starting with the man in the mirror, my vision getting clearer

Feel like I'm at the dawn of a new era

I see a free world with no more police terror

A foundation I could pass on to E Twella

I look ahead to when their system is dead

When everybody in the hood is sheltered and fed

A black and brown real life heaven on earth

Where the last shall be first and your work is your worth

I've never been free so I can only imagine what it'd look like

But I know we need it with a passion, the good life

I ain't got to live in no mansion

To me being wealthy is being free and healthy

Power in the hands of the people, not the state

I'm so ready, how much longer? I can't wait

Can't Wait [x6]

(Almost there)

*[Hook]*

Take me to the future, take me to a better place  
To another time in space, than here  
Take me to the future, future for the human race  
Tell me what does it take, to get there  
I'm ready..

*[Verse 2: M1]*

What's your 10-20-30 year plan?  
If we play it right then we outta here man  
If we take it light, end of conversation  
No hesitation, that's the time that we facing  
Count down to a new beginning  
We've been losing too long, it's time to start winning  
On this land with this love and this life that we live  
If we stand with each other and we fight, we can give  
The babies something they can dream about, or maybe sing about  
I'm looking forward to our finest hour  
Give the babies something they can dream about  
And maybe sing about  
I'm looking forward to our finest hour  
Take me to the future

*[Hook]*

Take me to the future, take me to a better place  
To another time in space, than here  
Take me to the future, future for the human race  
Tell me what does it take, to get there  
I'm ready for change, I'm hungry for change  
I'm asking for change, I'm willing to change  
I'm ready for change, I'm searching for change  
I'm looking for change, I'm willing to change  
And I don't what it's gonna be like  
But I believe that the future's bright  
I take a few more steps towards it today  
Our generation gotta leave it's mark  
Be our own light because the world's so dark  
I know it's hard to say goodbye to yesterday  
But take me to the future

*[Computer]*

The Future Is Now

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "GHN: Elections & Crisis"

*[News Reporter Ime Oli]*

This is 90C's way informer

Reporting for the Information Age Global Hood News Report

*[Informer]*

Aye man, all this in the face of the most recent development with the people's champion Muni Abu Jamal

Though removed from death row, still being denied his rights

And more police murder of innocent people in the streets

Back to you

*[Ime Oli]*

And now the continent of Africa

World leaders make a breakthrough on the proposed contract for African unity

Citing Thomas Enkara, Patrice Lamumba, Kua Menkum as political education

The same leaders also criticize the US election, calling it a selection

And all of Africa is keeping a watchful eye

All this as imperialism continues to literally fall to pieces in European economic crisis

As Greece almost succeeds from the EU, Spain and Italy are reeling in attempt to stabilize for the ripple effect

which they have already begun to feel

Social sentence from Rome to Milan are gearing up and in solidarity with the Senegalese and other African

communities throughout Europe

Which are more vulnerable than ever

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "The Awakening"

(feat. Umar Bin Hassan Of The Last Poets)

Like an epiphany, moment of clarity  
I was blind before, but now my eyes can see  
I know my destiny, I'm open mentally  
My spirit is ready, for the awakening  
The awakening

Empty your mind of all thoughts  
Let your heart be at peace

Returning to the source of serenity

A courageous walk down the Mississippi road  
We live in the blues of the delta  
A good morning to your neighbor  
A good night to your dreams  
We are the song of survival  
A living song without lyrics or words  
A kind gesture, a wink of the eye  
A loving touch upon a child's head  
A strong warm hug to keep away the doubt  
Grandma's, grandma's hands upon your face  
The wiping of the wavered tears  
Holding back the fizz

And between in-between the shoe shines and the dish washing  
And between in-between the GD's and PhD's  
And between in-between the owl houses and crack houses  
We, we create waves to live and love  
We live on the move  
Move, moving, moving forward through the bling bling  
The prison captain, the clothes castors and the hoes and bitches  
And the alcohol and Jesus all on the same corner  
We are the one and true living God  
All around us is life  
Our humanity, our humanity is the essence of life  
Our blood, our blood nurtures the soul  
Our humiliation and pain gives an expression  
Our ignorance gives vision  
To what's like living contradictions, living pillar doctors  
Living phenomenons, living just for the city  
For a smile, for a touch  
For hip-hop, for the glory of our ancestors  
And the blessings of our guides  
Peace



# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Overstand"

### [Chorus]

Are we addicted to the struggle or committed to success?  
Are we focused on the positive or holdin' onto stress?  
Not sayin' thing's perfect but in many ways I'm blessed  
Learnin' how to take the negative and flip for the best  
Everyday bring challenge, every challenge is a chance to advance  
The power is right in our own hands  
From a youth full of rage, to a wise grown man  
Here I am, life is beautiful now, I overstand

### [Verse 1]

I'm lookin' forward through my rearview mirror in hindsight  
Gotta be more than just a G if you keepin' your mind right  
Better be ready for the battle or focused on my fight  
I ain't sittin' on no sidelines watchin' them highlights  
I'm gonna begin the game playin' to win but learnin' from setbacks  
And my strengths and weaknesses and masterin' what I'm best at  
Power of refinement until you get right, exact  
It's all in your mind, but that's dependin' where your head's at  
Life is a chess match and lessons come from your mistakes  
Try not to end up in checkmate no matter whatever it takes  
Long as you're breathin then you can be problem solvin'  
Stayin' involved, evolved, world keeps revolvin'  
For the cause be all you can from the mornin' to the sunset  
You never have no regrets  
Took the journey to the edge of your fate and then lept  
Not just understandin' but overstandin' is the objective

{keep it open, in perspective}

### [Refrain]

Just let me be what I am  
Take my destiny in my hands  
By my actions you can judge where I stand  
And I hope one day you'll overstand

### [Verse 2]

Change come from the inside out  
No fear, live free, let the truth ride out  
I'm steady, shakin' off the shackles of the old me  
Wakin' up daily, meditation, feelin' so free  
They hate to see you change {yeah}  
But they don't understand {no}  
The less you see for yourself, you won't comprehend  
The caterpillar don't care what you think about him  
He was born to be fly, his nature gonna bring it outta him  
By the struggle I was never broken, I was broken open

I tapped into a source that was omnipotent  
Had to shift my focus to my higher purpose  
ain't nothing weak about broke, it takes a fighter's courage  
People say they want a revolution  
But steady holdin' on the slave ideas, afraid of evolution  
In life we live and learn, it's practice, theory, practice  
Wisdom is organically grown, its not pre-packaged

{it's forward baby, never backwards}

[Refrain x1]

[Verse 3]

We think we found the absolute truth  
But only to discover it's a labyrinth, we go from on maze to another  
So many chambers and angles, peelin' the onion layers  
Within it all I see the same gang, just different players  
So I rebel from the prison cell of the pigeon hole  
And dare to be myself, original  
A man lives on principles --I don't posture to be popular  
Born to be a leader not just a blind follower

[Verse 4]

It's family before the dollar, your priorities in order  
And like Bruce Lee say: "Be the water, be the earth, be the wind and the fire."  
Elevate, take it higher  
It's instinct, fulfill your needs and your desires  
But we go to be compassionate, considerate, a people's advocate  
Eradicatin' ignorance through experience  
The more you live, the more you learn and you grow  
It has a positive effect on all the people you know

{it's motivation}

[Refrain]

[Chorus]

I hope that you will overstand [x2]

{look at things without any opinion  
otherwise you'll never look at reality  
look at things without any philosophy, without any prejudice, without any dogma, creed or scripture  
just look, without arrogance  
and see the cause of ignorance, it overstands}

{Change is necessary to evolution  
The universe contains incredible diversity}

And you cannot experience it all within the confines of one comfortable lifestyle  
Look ahead to what you will think of your life at its end  
You will probably not want to look back and say it was cozy and dull  
Thus, react positively to what seems to be disaster  
Remember that what seems how to be disaster may be an important step toward evolution

And may even be identifiable as such at some point in the future  
Every great loss takes you out of a rut and starts life anew  
Be grateful for the time you had and your former happy state  
And look forward eagerly to the new phase  
Information age.}

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Scar Strangled Banner"

Where there's health neglect  
There's no self-respect  
But what else you expect?  
Look how they dealt the deck  
We inherited stress  
Had to bury our best  
Martin, Malcolm X  
Bullet holes in they chest  
We adapt to the struggle  
Only way we survive  
Eating scraps from the table  
But it kept us alive  
Making something from nothing  
Still we hope for the best  
Making miracles happen, daily coping with less

Scar strangled banner  
Scar strangled banner  
Scar strangled banner

Raised in the ghetto  
Singing songs – called survival  
But eating soul food to  
Have you dead on arrival  
Hand on the rifle  
Other hand on the bible  
Strong as an ox  
But look at what you put inside you  
We resillient beings  
Do the silliest things  
Know better than you better  
Cause that's what experience brings  
Break out of jail  
But can you break out a sickle cell?  
We say we livin well  
But we living in hell

We already been to the other side  
We ain't turning back, now we choose a lie  
To many goodbyes, and that ain't right  
We feel it inside, it's time to fight

We already been to the other side  
We ain't turning back, now we choose a lie  
To many goodbyes, and that ain't right  
We feel it inside, it's time to fight

We glues to the TV screen commercials in-between

Crack Donalds, Murda King

What happened to eat your greens?

Eatin some or anything, abusing Mary Jane

Chinese chicken wings, everyday hood thing

5 hour energy, red bull and Hennessey

Head bobbin but the organs full of toxicity

Pack a cool menthol, nicotine pit fall

They have the nerve to

Put cool on the pack so they can trick y'all

Slave to the Dutch master

Colon cancer victim

Tell you on the package

But we still blame the system

No squares in my circle

Screw all that sippin purple

I'm tryina live to my potential

Age is just a number

A G preserve his temple

A G control his temper

No discipline, you slippin

No toxins in my kitchen

Slavery is over cousin

But then at lunch it wasn't

If food is the last plantation

Then I'm Harriet Tubman

Advocating colonics

Saving my lungs from chronic

But you can't free a slave

Unless he knows he's in bondage

(You wanna get freaky? Let's go)

You can't free a slave

Unless he knows he's in bondage

# Dead Prez Lyrics

"Politrikks"

[Intro]

You already know what time it is  
Dead... prez... dot... com  
Information news

[Verse 1: stic.man]

Everywhere we go  
Every day on TV  
They be talking about  
Who you gonna vote for  
You got a black man running  
But I wonder if he get in  
Who he gonna open up the door for?  
I don't wanna to discourage my folk  
I believe in hope  
I just want us to want more  
Politics is a game  
How they keep us contained  
There gotta be more that we could hope for  
Democrats and Republicans  
Just 2 sides of the same coin  
Either way, it's still white power  
It's the same system  
Just changed form  
You wanna vote? please do!  
Cast your ballot, let your voice be heard  
But what I do want to say is  
After the election  
You'll see  
Mark my words

[Hook]

It's politic time again  
It's politrick time again  
It's politic time again  
It's politrick time again

Shoot the messenger!

[Verse 2: M-1]

This is the most important election of all time  
The government's committing the biggest of all crimes  
These bullshit politicians say they speaking for the people  
Before they ran for office, they were shitting on the people  
Billion dollar campaigns  
Trillion dollar bailout  
Anybody know the definition of a sell-out? huh?

And if Obama win, he wouldn't be the first black  
Take your 2 dollar bill and turn it over to the back (you see? right there)  
But with the TV on, you only hearing they voice  
The system is broken, they trying to beat a dead horse  
Go ahead and vote for the lesser of two evils  
I plot, plan, and strategize with the poor people  
The middle class will say this opinion is irresponsible  
But if you ain't got no healthcare, they kickin' you out the hospital  
McKinney, Clemente, off in the Green Party  
No disrespect, we need a Red, Black, and Green Party  
Like Marcus Garvey's

*[Hook]*

Even if Obama wins  
Uncle Sam ain't my friend

It's politrikkks time again  
It's bullshit time again

*[Outro: Malcolm X]*

The time is on the side of the oppressed today; it's against the oppressor  
And truth is on the side of the oppressed today; it's against the oppressor  
You'll see it. You'll see terrorism...

# Dead Prez Lyrics

"Download (Expand Beyond)"

This is Ime Oulu reporting for the Information Age, Global Hood News Report

In women's beauty and cosmetic news, not to be taken lightly, the rise in medical malpraxis and white market  
body injection, instances continue

Scientists have also found the culprit in the newest cases of head cancer have been linked to the glue used in  
the ever popular lace front wig

Also in sports, as a closing note to the Olympic propaganda charade

Salute to the amazing African tracking field athletes

Some of who are forced to run under a colonial flag

Congratulations Mo Farad, a Somalian who's gold was stolen once again by Great Britain

This Ime Oulu along with 90 Seas Way Informer and this is the Global Hood News

Where there's health neglect there's no self-respect

But what else you expect? Look how they dealt the death

We inherited stress, had to bury our best

Martin, Malcolm X, bullet holes in they chest

We adapt to the struggle, only way we survive

Eating scraps from the table but it kept us alive

Making something from nothing, still we hope for the best

Making miracles happen, daily coping with less

Scar string will ban 'em

Scar string will ban 'em

Scar string will ban 'em

Raised in the ghetto, singing songs – called survival

But eating soul food to have you dead on arrival

Hand on the rifle, other hand on the bible

Strong as an ox but look at what you put inside you

We resemble your things, do the silliest things

No better than you better cause that's what experience brings

Break out of jail but can you break out a fascicle cell?

We say we living well, but we living in hell

We already been to the other side

We ain't turning back, now we choose a lie

To really get by this, and that ain't right

We feel it inside, it's time to fight

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What happened to eat your greens?

Eatin some or anything, abusing Mary Jane  
Chinese chicken wings, everyday hood thing  
    5 hour energy, red bull and Hennessey  
    Head bobbin bot the organs full of toxicity  
    Pack a cool menthol, nicotine pick fall  
They have the nerve to put cool on the pack so they can trick y'all  
    Slave to the Dutch master, colon cancer victim  
Tell you want a package but we still blame the system  
    No squares in my circle, screw all that sippin purple  
    I'm tryina live to my potential, age is just a number  
    A G preserve his temple, a G control his temper  
    No discipline, you slippin, no toxins in my kitchen  
    Slavery is over cousin, but then at lunch it wasn't  
If food is the last plantation then I'm Harriet Tubman  
    Advocating colonics, saving my lungs from chronic  
But you can't free a slave unless he knows he's in bondage  
    (You wanna get freaky? Let's go)  
You can't free a slave unless he knows he's in bondage